THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, "BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS." BY S. W. BENEDICT.

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THE INDEPENDENT.

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The undersigned are alone responsible for the character and sentiments of *The Independent*. They have competent assistance in the departments of news and correspondence, and the Journal is established on an adequate pecuniary basis.

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During the absence of Dr. Bacon on his foreign tour, his two associates will be exclusively responsible for the course and character of *The Independent*. Dr. Bacon will contribute to the paper from abroad, over *his own signature*, and arrangements have been made *which will supply his* temporary lack of service.

Domestic Correspondence.

For the Independent.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

It has recently become very apparent that there is a design, entertained by those of the Southern people who are dissatisfied with the recent action of our general government on the subject of slavery, to force the gravest issues upon our attention. Exasperated, or to use the choice expression of a speaker at the Nashville Convention, 'aggravated,' by the discussion at the North which has shed so much light upon the condition, and so much darkness upon the prospects, of their cherished institution, they threaten the dire dissolution of our Union as the consequence of the continued agitation of this subject among us. If the Ægis of the Union will no longer protect Slavery—if its shadow will no longer foster Slavery—if its strong arm will no farther extend Slavery, then the Union itself shall die the death: an issue surely of the gravest sort.

As in the event of any such result the parties must assume mutually hostile relations, it is evidently of the highest moment that they should thoroughly understand both each other, and the real nature of the subject upon which they disagree. As it is to be feared that there is, upon one side or the other, much misapprehension as to both these points, we would contribute our effort toward a just conception of the matter.

We ask then, Who are the parties to this dispute? On the one side, is the Union, with its recent permanent adjustment of the other questions involved, and its prospective adjustment of the Fugitive question upon the basis of trial by jury; on the other, most of the Southern States. It will be admitted we think as a correct statement of this point, if we say, that the parties are, the Union, urged, and sustained, by the free North, and opposed to them, the body of the Slave States.

The *Slave* States! mark the word. The States which are determined to discuss and to reform their own participation in this exciting matter are the Free—their opponents are the Slave, States. It is a difference between the Slave States and the Free. This contest is not between States of different lineage or language—not between communities separated by natural barriers—or hostile religions—or opposing interests. It is to be between two peoples which can be distinguished only as *Slave* and Free. The man who in Congress votes to allow his colored, but peaceful and industrious neighbor the right of trial by jury, when claimed as "a fugitive and a vagabond," is from a Free State; the man who resists this, and threatens to subvert the very heavens if such a measure is carried, is from a Slave State. The only distinction which can be taken between the parties is, that the one is Free, and the other is—what shall we say, *Slave*? The word perhaps is a little awkward, and not quite as courteous as we could wish, but as it seems highly significant of the real distinction between the disputants we will let the antithesis stand.

The contest then is between States some of which are *Free*, and the others *Slave*, on questions relating to Slavery.

But it is of some consequence to understand the precise nature of that slave institution which forms the subject of disagreement. What *is* this Slavery?

Some have deemed its essence to consist in an obligation to personal service on the part of the slave; others, in an obligation of supervision on the part of the master. But neither of these definitions describes the institution either as it is in law, or as it is in fact. The law of Slave communities defines slaves to be "to all intents and purposes *chattels personal* of the master." *Chattels* personal! "An exceeding good word." It signifies possessions, property; it implies ownership on the part of the master. But the full signification of the term is not disclosed to a superficial view; let us look at it somewhat more closely. It is a word originating on the Latin *side* of our complex vernacular, and is still retained in some other branches of that family of languages. With us, it is almost obsolete now, save in antiquated legal forms of expression which refer us back to quite a remote period. The phrase in which it oftenest occurs was a general term for property, when property was quite limited in extent, and consisted principally of domestic furniture, or "goods," and cattle, or "chattels" as we write it. In plain English the terms originally meant simply cattle—at a period when cattle formed a principal item of wealth: and the system of slavery of which it is characteristic is a system not of bondage merely—or of supervision—or of feudal serfdom—but of such *ownership* of men as we allow of cattle—"cattle slavery" to all intents and purposes whatsoever. This dispute then about the action of our general government, is a dispute between the *Free* States, and the *Slave*,—touching the chattel, or cattle, slavery of the latter; the former seeking to limit and thus ultimately to extinguish, and the latter to extend, and thus to perpetuate it. But in order to give any just conception of the design of the parties we must allude to some statements which seem to indicate a misconception of their own aims, on the part of our Southern opponents. Those unhappy gentlemen seem to have mystified themselves into the belief that their mission in these evil times is to maintain and propagate, not this "cattle" slavery which their laws institute and maintain, but some kind of *liberty* instead. For instance, in a report adopted by a meeting of the gentlemen of South Carolina in honor of Mr. Calhoun, and on the occasion of the election of delegates to the Nashville Convention, we read thus—"But he is no more! Our Napoleon has fallen in the heat of the crisis battle for constitutional—*liberty*!" Mr. Calhoun is described as "a rare and precious boon from God to the lovers of constitutional—*liberty*," again. Now such use of terms is absolutely perilous. There is no knowing what sentiments it may beget in the minds of all classes of Southern people who may be unable to make the requisite corrections for the latitude of Charleston. Would it not be more accurate to say constitutional *slavery*? Is not *slavery* the thing which we are told the Constitution guaranties? Is it not this, which the North are perpetually assailing, and which all fire-eaters are now adjured to defend? Is it not slavery which nourishes all chivalry? And are the children of Southern people to be told thus covertly that there is nothing which will bear mention, in the "peculiar institution" for which they are now called upon to fight against the sun in his courses?

Let us take another specimen. Mr. Andrew Stevenson tells the people of Virginia in a letter declining the appointment to the same Convention, "I have lived long enough to know that great as the evils of disunion may be, there is one still greater—and that is *to live under a government of unlimited power*." This language is worse than the former; it is positively of an incendiary character. Is a man to be permitted in the midst of a *slave* community to hint that slaves are in a condition which is the worst of evils? That the condition in which this chattel or cattle slavery holds men, is beyond endurance? Who shall answer for the allegiance of either the master or the slave, if the one has the conscience, or the other the feelings of a man, under the publication of sentiments so inflammatory as these?

One of the *slave* members of Congress, whose speech has been franked by some official hand to move our sympathies, in deprecating the exclusion of Slavery from the new territory, feelingly appeals to all that is fraternal in the Northern bosom to permit "every American" to carry his "property" unmolested into every spot over which the national flag waves. Every American! As if this were not the very thing which the North is laboring to accomplish, and the South struggling to defeat. This gentleman obviously labors under the hallucination, that black men born in America are not Americans. He would reduce to sober earnest the bull of the Hibernian who called himself an Englishman—and asked "if I was born in a stable is that any reason why I should be a horse?" He would be shocked at considering a colored man born in his own noble State, a Virginian; though "the best blood of Virginia" might not disdain to flow in his veins. Like the *Guinea* hen—or the *Chinese* hog, the black man carries his original nationality with him wherever he goes over the wide earth. Whichever of the four quarters of the world may give him birth, he is an *African* still; a solecism which seems not unlikely to disturb any system of social institutions which may be founded upon it.

Another of these orators stigmatizes the Northern movement as an assault upon the "rights and liberties of the South"—every one knowing meanwhile that the only assault is upon their *wrongs* and *slaveries*; and a mighty man of valor in the Nashville Convention prays openly that God would "inspire Southern men with"—what they have very greatly lacked—"*the spirit of free*-men." To which most reasonable petition let all the people say, Amen.

But we are tired of recounting perversions so palpable and extreme. Who does not see that all this talk about liberty and rights and the spirit of freemen is the merest cant that ever offended the Heavens? Liberty in the usage of such writers means the liberty of enslaving—right, the right of wronging—honor, the power of dishonoring. It is putting bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, upon which there was ever a woe. It is not wonderful that there is trouble around us when the very names of right and liberty have lost all their wonted significance; the mariner is evermore troubled when the needle no longer points to the pole. The sorcerers of centuries gone by found that there was no more ready or effectual way to raise the Devil than to repeat the Lord's prayer *backwards*; and our Southern brethren have now of a long time been practicing a similar sorcery with every formula of freedom—repeating it backwards—from the Declaration of Independence and the ordinance of '87 to the *habeas corpus* and the trial by jury. Let them beware of lightly using a spell so potent. Already the air grows dark around them; and the incantation they are so earnestly muttering now may raise a fiend that it will not be easy to lay.

We say not these things to cast reproach upon the South; we will not insinuate that justice and honor and generosity of soul have perished from their borders. There are men there, we doubt not, who feel themselves to be in a false and unnatural position, while political charlatans and gunpowder-patriots are grieving the Heavens with their fantastic tricks. There are men there who feel, as we do, that this system of chattel, or cattle, slavery is an outrage upon justice and humanity—that to seek its perpetuity and extension is to be lost to every idea of duty—that to go before the world in a contest with the North upon the naked issue of Slave against Free, would be incredibly sordid and shameless—and that to vindicate, to bring on, or even to permit such a course for such reasons as we have above recited, would be a hypocrisy so foul as would blacken even the sordidness and shamelessness of the wrong itself.

CHURCH.

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[*] "The appellation [chattel] is in truth derived from the technical Latin *cattle*, which primarily signified only beasts of husbandry or (as we still call them) cattle."—*Blackstone Com. b. II. c. 24.*

The law, though liable to objections as to some of its details, is a decided improvement upon any previous legislation on that subject in this State. It recognizes the principle for which the friends of temperance have been so long contending, that the sale of alcohol as a beverage is wrong, and that no license can make it right. If faithfully enforced, it will do much toward eradicating the evils of dram-selling and dram-drinking.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN VERMONT.

The people of Vermont share largely in the indignation with which almost the universal North regards this inhuman law. It was decided by a Vermont judge, under the fugitive slave law of 1793, that nothing less than a bill of sale from Almighty God would be sufficient to establish a title in one man to the body and soul of another. Since that decision, no slave catcher has ventured to appeal to any of our courts for assistance in his nefarious business; and it is not probable that under the present law, any less positive evidence will be deemed sufficient than under the former. The press and the people are almost unanimous in condemning the law, and those who enacted it. The legislature have also gone to the utmost limit of their powers, to provide protection for the fugitive. At their last session a law was passed making it the duty of all judicial and executive officers in the State, who shall know or have good reason to believe that an inhabitant of this State is about to be claimed as a fugitive slave, to give immediate notice to the State's attorney of the county in which such person resides. This officer is required diligently and faithfully to use all lawful means to protect, defend, and procure to be discharged the person so claimed as a fugitive slave. Any judge of the Supreme Court, or any circuit judge, is authorized upon application of the State's attorney, to issue a *habeas corpus* for the fugitive, returnable forthwith, and on application of either party a trial by jury, of all questions of fact, is to be allowed, and the expenses of such trial on the part of the fugitive are to be defrayed by the State.

Thus while the general government is enacting laws to deprive men of liberty, Vermont is lending all the aid she can lend by legislation, to protect and defend that inalienable right. Whatever may be thought of the constitutionality or expediency of enacting laws in conflict with those of the national legislature, there can be but one opinion as to the spirit which dictated the passage of the law whose provisions are above cited. It was the spirit of the "higher law" which proclaims "liberty to the captives," and declares, "thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee."

P. H. W.

LONDONDERRY, Vt., Nov. 26, 1850.

LETTER FROM OREGON.

[The writer of the following letter is a native of Connecticut, and was a worker in iron; but desiring the work of a missionary, he joined Dr. Nelson's Mission Institute, and remained there till he was admitted to the ministry, in 1837. At that time the American Board had more men on hand than they had means to send them out, and Mr. G. raised funds himself as an independent missionary, and traveled across the mountains to Oregon. He first labored among the Flathead Indians, but found so many obstructions that he changed his field, and eventually settled at Tualatin, where he now is. The letters were addressed to a pastor in Connecticut, who had been instrumental in sending him a small supply of Bibles. The "news" is not the "latest," but the facts stated are interesting.]

TUALATIN PLAINS, Washington Co., Oregon Territory, Jan. 4, 1850.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—In looking over my correspondence and rearranging my library, I find a letter from you, dated July 1846, received July 1847, not marked as answered; hence I conclude I have not replied to it.

Upon reflection, I remember that I was crowded in my duties at that time, and waited, hoping ere long to be able to write more than a mere notice of its reception. Hence its unanswered fate, from July to December, when the awful massacre of Dr. Whitman broke upon us, and all was turmoil and the past forgotten. I am sorry and ashamed that so kind a letter, bearing also so much of the treasure of Life (viz., 18 Bibles and 81 Testaments, in good condition) should have met with such a fate. You say in your letter, "We should like to hear, as soon as may be, of their safe arrival, and also learn more particulars of your sojourn in that dark, distant corner of our land."

O, how often have I ardently wished that my friends could see the complications of iniquity against which I have labored to make headway; and by the grace of God I have made headway; to him be the praise. The reason why I have hitherto narrated so little of my labors in Oregon, is that it would take volumes to explain all the circumstances of my position and movements here in a manner that should be fully intelligible to you at a distance—to show you the peculiar combination of evils with which conscience constrained me to contend. I have therefore generally contented myself to labor on, with the view of meeting all at the judgment. This has wonderfully sustained me in my work, highly satisfied with the dealings of God, though he has led me step by step in a rugged way. Yet, my brother, I rejoice in a rugged way, so long as I can see the evidence that "the Lord thus far hath led me on."

I will send you eight numbers of the *American and Unionist*, that you may see how cautiously I had to step in the beginning, and how boldly I set down the heel in the progress of things. By the way, you must remember that putting on the harness against the Jesuits in Oregon, is by no means the play that it may be on the other coast. In laying out my work, I wished to put the serpents where they could not even hiss, while the rod was vigorously applied. You will see how I succeeded, when I tell you that, though their objections were allowed full place in the paper, they have not *dared* since the scourging of our eighth number, about eight months ago, to raise one more objection. These "unclean spirits," like frogs, conceal their operations under the currents, aliming about at the bottom of streams, so that I never know where they will next show their heads. But this I can get along with, if they do not *poison me* with some of their combinations for producing apparently natural diseases! I said I would send you my paper. This depends on my getting the use of the mail—the sum of $4 80 being demanded on the eight numbers I wish to send you. This I refuse to pay—having obtained one decision of the Judge of the United States Court in my favor. I believe the Jesuits are afraid my pamphlets will get out too much; but they had better take care lest they burn their own fingers. They secretly employ base Americans as their agents, and the great difficulty is to know *who* are under pay. You will not think it strange, if you read the paper, that several of our would-be-greatest men are politically dead through its influence. We wish to teach office seekers practically that they cannot stride the "scarlet-colored beast" into office in Oregon. You will remember that I had first to secure the freedom of a well-sustained American government, or I could not act at all. Indeed it was because there were few who could or dared stand erect, that I felt the need of freedom for the country before I attempted to stagger on any further. I knew the Jesuits controlled the country. Old Dr. McLaughlin, so long at the head of the Hudson Bay affairs in Oregon, they will doubtless canonize as soon as he is dead, for his important services to their cause. In such a condition, I planted my foot on the most solid ground I could find. The Jesuits moved the under-currents, and worked the wire-workers. They had from the first employed anything and everything against me, without publicly showing their heads. Protestantism I tried to rally in vain. I met only sectarian antagonism. "My God," I cried, "what shall I do?" I judged American indignation to be my best ground, though it was then in possession of the enemy. By caution it was recaptured; and not *prejudice* but *honest indignation* began to burn. I took courage and seized hold of the work in earnest. I will tell you more in another sheet.

Yours, &c.

J. SMITH GRIFFEN.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Dec. 2, 1850.

THE CONDITION OF OUR MERCHANTS' CLERKS.

In the light of one or two recent occurrences at the Police Court, many of the thoughtful among us have been led to meditate with a good deal of pain, upon the whole system of the merchants' clerk service, as usually carried on here and elsewhere.

It appears that even the best firms are in the habit of paying but very meager stipends to their *employees*, while, in some instances, not enough is given the clerk to cover the face of his board bill alone. Salaries, it would seem, vary from $2 to $4 per week, or from $104 to $208 per year; out of which the young man must pay from $2 50 to $3 50 per week for board; and, in addition, must keep himself well-laundered and genteely clothed—saying nothing about occasional books, lectures, concerts, and pocket-money in general. That the two things cannot assume the relation of cause and effect, is obvious. There must be some large extra income, or the clerk will lose his place through the shabbiness of his coat, the antique shade of his linen, or the unlicensed protrusion to eyes polite of an anatomy which is a silent sign of the absence of good bread and merchantable butter.

The theory is, that this deficiency will be made up (in cash) by the young man's parents or next friends; and (in equity) by the "knowledge of the business" which he acquires of his employers. This, in many instances, no doubt, occurs. But there are innumerable clerks whose next friends, if on earth, are not in a condition to aid them; and who must, therefore, be continually "tacking" between the Scylla of starvation, and the Charybdis of dishonesty.

Not unfrequently such a young man as this may be placed in control of a room containing from $50,000 to $100,000 worth of goods, which, beside the till, are ready at his hand. The temptation could hardly be made greater; and, when you add to this the frequent knowledge which the young man has of the great regular profits of the establishment, and the thoughts which he can hardly help having that some of these profits accrue to others through his unpaid exertions, so that he has a sort of constructive right to a portion of them, it is hardly a matter which should excite our surprise, that the best moral principles, unguarded by Christian faith, so often become corrupted. It is rather wonderful that *any* escape.

The objective remedy would appear to be, the payment of *fair salaries*. This would be a great gain to the merchants, in two ways. In the first place, they would save a large balance over and above what might be thought to be even liberal wages, which they now lose by the peculations of the dishonest; and in the second place, they would be relieved of the competition of great numbers, who being starved in their employ until they have obtained "a knowledge of the business," are in a manner necessitated to commence business for themselves, and who undersell old firms for a little while, and then pay their creditors fifty cents on a dollar.

Another worthy subject of thought alike to those who employ clerks, to those who care for their moral welfare, and to those in the country who send their sons here and to other cities in such capacity, is the custom of requiring a portion of the force to sleep in the store, ostensibly as guards against robbery from without. If some of the merchants of this city knew to what purposes their warerooms are put in the hours of darkness, and what characters find admission there, they would think long before they would let them be *guarded* thus.

But the great subjective remedy to all this evil, as it seems to me, must be a more *fatherly* spirit on the part of merchants toward their clerks. Every employer who gathers together under his pay the young sons of those parents who are themselves incompetent from distance, or for any other reason, to continue parental watch over them, should feel that he stands in the place of a father to them. He should treat them as liberally as he would wish his own children to be treated by another. He should become familiar with them, know where they board, how they spend their evenings, who are their associates, what are the religious influences that surround them;—should see that they are constant attendants upon some worthy church, should invite them often to his own house, so that they may have the benefits of the elevating and refining influence of female society, and should feel that their souls are—from the great influence over them which his position gives—preëminently to be required at his hand. All this will, of course, be laughed at by multitudes who will say that they have something to do besides making home missionaries of themselves; that they cannot afford to give higher salaries; that they do as well as others; and that "the boys must take care of themselves." These same men, before they die, may find at the cost of a process of bankruptcy, aided by dishonest associates or debtors, whom, in the years of clerkship, they have worked hard to make dishonest—that the plan which I propose would have been *cheaper* in the long run.

The subject demands the thought and action of good men in our large cities.

PUSEYISM TAKEN BY THE HORNS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

An ecclesiastical trial of considerable interest to the small body of dissenters, who, from a geographical necessity, are occasionally compelled to the impoliteness of a look over the fence into the extensive domain of the Bishop of Massachusetts, has been in progress during the past week in Trinity church. Five presbyters composed the court, to wit: Rev. Messrs. Ballard, Clinch, Mason, Slafter, and Lambert. The standing committee of the diocese, by Rev. G. M. Randall, were the prosecutors; Rev. Oliver S. Prescott (recently officiating at the Greene-street church) the respondent, and HEARSY the charge.

The indictment contained six counts (with many specifications) as follows:

Charge 1. *That Rev. O. S. Prescott has taught that the Virgin Mary, the mother of our Savior, is an object of worship.*

Charge 2. *That Rev. O. S. Prescott has held and taught the doctrine of Transubstantiation.*

Charge 3. *That the said Rev. O. S. P. has held and taught that Auricular Confession to a Priest, on the part of members of a church, is proper and allowable and profitable.*

Charge 4. *That the said Rev. O. S. P. has held and taught that Priestly Absolution, in connection with Auricular Confession, is allowable and desirable and profitable.*

Charge 5. *That the said Rev. O. S. P. has adopted and pursued certain customs and practices which are repugnant to the teachings of the Church, contrary to the spirit and meaning of her standards, and against the common order and established usages of the Church, and a violation of her common law.*

[Specifications under this.] Auricular Confession, encouraged from others to himself, and practiced on his own part to others; turning his back to the people while reading the Psalter and prayers; turning to the Lord's table as the most holy place, &c., &c.,—all in defiance of the counsels and admonitions of the Bishop.

Charge 6. *Reaffirms the other, and asserts that Rev. O. S. P. has been guilty of some or all these offenses, within the year last past.*

Richard H. Dana, jr., appeared as counsel for the accused, and filed a bill of exceptions to the above presentment in his behalf, setting forth eight general exceptions to the entire document, and a multitude of smaller ones to the particular specifications. The general drift of the objections was a want of definiteness and legal precision in the charges, as to the time when, place where, jurisdiction of the court, &c., &c.,—the whole document being a very good barricade of technicalities. Perhaps it is a pregnant fact that nothing said for the defense advanced one inch toward the denial of the *gravamen criminis*.

After discussion of these points on Wednesday, the Court adjourned till Friday, when they sustained the fifth exception of the respondent, viz.: "because it does not in any of the charges and specifications thereunder, specify the offenses of which the accused is charged with reasonable certainty as to time, or place, or circumstances."

To this Dr. Vinton, on behalf of the standing committee, objected that this exception was so general, that by sustaining it, the Court, in effect quashed the presentment. In the opinion of the standing committee, they had no right to set aside the presentment which they had been directed to prosecute by the Bishop. An amendment of that was virtually a new presentment, and the committee could not take upon themselves the responsibility of making such amendment, and accordingly had no further action to take in the matter.

Mr. Prescott then offered to the court a written statement, setting forth his spiritual state, with particular reference to its canonical adhesiveness to the church—his belief in its doctrines and submission to its discipline. This statement the court declined to receive as being no part of their normal judicial proceedings. Whereupon the court made up its record for transmission to the Bishop, and adjourned *sine die*.

So far, so good. It remains to be seen whether the conservative and evangelical portion of the Episcopal church will suffer the matter to rest in the grave, whither it has been prematurely buried by a technicality. It is a good sign, at least, that this brief trial has been held. It shows that the diocese of Massachusetts is sound at the core. Let the standing committee start once more, and nail their charges with proofs to unmistakeable and undeniable times and places; and then let us, who are sometimes a little puzzled how to reduce a heretic, see how the thing is done by the "regulars." It would throw light upon a good many features of the age ecclesiastical, to watch the progress of a trial of this sort well pushed, by appeal, to the higher courts, until it should force the church into the unity of a clear majority, or into an open duality.

THE GREAT UNION MEETING.

This gathering, so long heralded, and so ingeniously manufactured, by those who are deftly skilled in such matters, took place on Tuesday last, in Faneuil Hall. It was a very large and respectable affair, and being made to go up kite-fashion, by the aid of a very long tail of signatures (weighted, every few inches, by a D.D.), on the whole, it made a very grand and patriotic flight. There is no doubt that the Union will be safe, so soon as that roll of names shall have been deposited in the archives at Washington.

The venerable Dr. J. C. Warren presided, introducing the business with some exceedingly appropriate remarks, and making skillful allusion to the period, within his own recollection, when there was no Constitution, no Union, no sound currency, and no harmony of action, with the inquiry, whether we are ready to go back to that?

B. R. Curtis, Esq., moved the adoption of a series of resolutions, and supported them by a legal argument in favor of the constitutionality of the Fugitive-Slave law, and of the duty of enforcing its claims. This speech was very able, and coming from a lawyer of the highest grade, it would have had great popular effect if—*it had been on the other side*. But the truth is, that lawyers equally able, assert opinions diametrically opposite to his, and maintain them by well considered arguments; and, what is more than all, the popular conscience is on their side. An overwhelming majority of the people of Massachusetts loathe that law, and their good sense is not to be put down by the sneers or denunciations even of so (ordinarily) excellent a man as Mr. B. R. Curtis.

The meeting was next addressed by B. F. Hallet and S. D. Bradford, Esqrs., after whom Mr. Choate took the stand, and delivered one of his most brilliant and indescribable orations. It sparkled with diamonds; it blazed with pyrotechnic splendor; it fascinated the auditors; it did every bewildering and beautiful thing that could be thought of, except—what it set out to do; and that was, convince men by sound arguments, *first*, that the Union is in danger, and *second*, that the way to get it out of danger is "to suppress the further agitation of slavery in this land, and strike it forever, from this time forth, out of existence as a political element."

All these arguments and appeals have a certain soundness and value, and they produce a great effect upon good-hearted, and not very deep-thinking men. Ask them if they do not love this Union—if they would prefer the anarchy and commercial distress which preceded its formation to our present goodly heritage; and they heartily answer, on the impulse of the moment, and without a glance at the sly sophistries that are lurking under all this rhetoric. They do not stop to consider that three points remain to be proved, before their hasty decision can logically stand, neither one of which has received the slightest elucidation at the hands of these fiery orators. They forget that nothing is proved until it has been demonstrated (of course to the amount of a reasonable probability), *first*, that the Union *will be dissolved* if the Fugitive-Slave law is not continued in perpetual existence, and is not executed to the last remnant of both spirit and letter; *second*, that if the Union were unfortunately to be dissolved, we should, as a matter of course, revert to that condition of social distress and distrust, which in 1786 followed the depleting influences of a ten years' war upon a people that had then never possessed a tithe of the ability (whether of population, education, wealth, experience, commerce or manufactures) to withstand such a pressure, which we now possess; and *third*, that if the worst of both the above contingencies should come upon us, it would not still be the dictate alike of patriotism and Christianity, to *hazard everything for* THE RIGHT—precisely as our fathers did in the revolutionary war.

I have searched Mr. Choate's speech with great interest in order to see whether there is one syllable there which might not *in spirit—mutatis mutandis*—have been spoken in Faneuil Hall by a high tory in 1772, as a plea for peaceful acquiescence in the will of George the Third. I have searched in vain. It does not breathe the high-toned patriotism, the courageous confidence in abstract right, or rather in a present Providence, the sublime and self-sacrificing faith which were breathed in the olden time from the lips of Hancock and Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. Begging pardon of all who may be mortally offended by the remark, it sounds to this deponent much more like the wail of a few hundred thousand spindles, over a probable or higher price per pound of cotton, than it does like the utterances of '76.

The truthful and eloquent language of the *Boston Atlas*, in reference to a similar meeting recently held at Manchester, N. H., may be most justly applied to this assemblage:

"No one can read the account of the meeting without being convinced that the object and purpose of it is to *force* the people of the State to remain quiet in regard to the Fugitive-Slave law, and to hold up over the heads of those who ask for its modification or repeal, the anathema of being disunionists. It is an attempt to gag the mouths of the people, and to sear the consciences of men. All that was said in favor of the Union and the Constitution, was eloquence lost. There are no disunionists in New Hampshire, or in the North, and the attempt of certain Honorables to claim for themselves all the regard to the Union, is sheer presumption. *The strength of this Union lies embedded in the hearts of the people, not in the declamation of the hustings.* If the Manchester doctrine is to spread and become a party element, the question for the people will not be the repeal or modification of the Fugitive-Slave law, but it will be whether freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press, are to be tolerated.

"We must confess that we are surprised. You can speak for the repeal of the tariff, and for the passage of a protective system, and the Union is safe, and your course is applauded. The South may deprive you of a tariff, when you get it, by repealing it the next year, and the Union is safe. But talk about admitting California into the Union, with a free Constitution, and immediately we hear in the South the cry of disunion. Pass the Wilmot Proviso, and it is sure to follow. Give unto Texas, a State that cannot keep in subjection the Indians within its borders, ten millions of dollars, or it will fight the United States and dissolve the Union. Let Massachusetts send a commissioner to South Carolina to test the constitutionality of their laws, and straightway the Union is again in danger. Try to prevent the South from seizing our colored seamen and imprisoning them, and you are trying to dissolve the Union. Give them a law to catch their runaways, which will deprive the accused of the rights you would not deny a horse-thief, and you will save the Union. Try to put into that law the right to trial by jury, and you are dissolving the Union. That is what Southern men have said, and that is the way some of them act; but now we have it in the North, that if you attempt to modify or repeal a law of Congress, you will dissolve the Union. Out upon such cant!"

There is a singular forgetfulness on the part of the people, that the whole process and condition of things has changed since the date of the adoption of the Constitution, and that the pathetic disclaimers of Washington and others against a dissolution of the Union, were predicated upon data which have now almost wholly passed away. To them union was emphatically strength. The thirteen weak States could not stand alone—could hardly stand, at first, when bound together. Probably every State in the Union is now better able to take care of itself, than the whole Union was in its earliest days. Disunion *then* was a return to a provincial subordination to monarchy, and a retrocession of all that was gained in the revolutionary struggle. But with all its evils, it is obvious that disunion now would be very different from that. It is with a real sophistry, then, that the words of revolutionary patriots are quoted as applicable to the case now before us. Even Washington himself, if now alive, and living north of Mason and Dixon's line, might judge that disunion was not to be mentioned as an obstacle in the way of justice.

Yours, MORTON.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR PEDESTRIAN CORRESPONDENT.

DUCHY OF HOLSTEIN, Oct., 1850.

While in Hamburg I resolved to make a journey into the "Duchies," both for the sake of seeing something personally of the state of a country we hear so much of at present, and because these provinces are really among the oldest and most original countries of Northern Europe. They boast among themselves of having the original "*Stammbut*" from which the English and American race are derived. For from their wild coasts came the "Anglo-Saxon" freebooters who peopled England, and whose steady, persevering qualities have given its strength to the English race. Perhaps the most fertile and interesting part of the Duchies is on the east, bordering on an arm of the Baltic, and lying near the little Duchy of Oldenburg. It was toward this I directed my course, going by rail into the center of Holstein, and striking off on foot toward the "Plöner See." The surface, you know, in all this part of Europe, is remarkably level; in fact, these is almost an uninterrupted plain reaching from Hamburg to St. Petersburg.

The land bordering on the road for some distance here was no exception to this, being mostly flat, and with the great characteristic of all the Holstein land, very moist, *springy* soil. Still there was a great deal all along the way to interest me. The one-story farm-houses, with their immensely high, peaked, red roofs, and barns as comfortable as the houses around them, the long rows of hedges, and the huge wicker-work wagons, in this part of Europe were all new to me. I saw, too, as I went on, more signs of a country in military movement. The villages were crowded with young soldiers, just drafted probably into the army; for every man over nineteen is liable to be drawn in. There were towns too where hospitals had been erected, and men with bandages and crippled limbs were moving about among the people. As I went further east, nearer the "Plöner See," the country began rapidly to change. There was a greater variety in the scenery, and an appearance of much higher cultivation. And as the shades of the evening fell around me, I could see I was entering a very different country from the flat region in the center of the Duchies. It was night before I reached the estate of the gentleman I intended to visit, but a hospitable and friendly reception welcomed me, and I was soon at home in one of the genuine old Saxon houses and families of the north of Europe. You may not be aware, perhaps, that much of Holstein is divided up into large estates, on which the *Bauer* were formerly serfs, but where now they are either tenants or owners, with the obligation of paying a perpetual rent ("*abgabe*"); the property reverting to the state when the family becomes extinct.

The friend I was visiting was the owner of one of these large estates, or a "*Gutsbesitzer*," as they would call him. The farm has some three or four hundred acres, and there are many Bauer settled upon it, though the most of these just now are called off to the war much to the inconvenience of the owner. The house itself is a very long one-storied house, with high, pointed roof, and the same general appearance which all the houses have here. In front of it is a noble avenue of linden-trees, and on each side of them a row of barns with windows, and very substantially built; so that altogether there is something of a group of houses forming the center of the "*Landsgut*."

The whole life here has something extremely generous, and almost patriarchal, about it. When we meet in the morning at "morning coffee," we all shake hands as if we had been to a distant country, and wish each other almost solemnly the morning salutations. Every one pays great deference to the father, a simple, dignified old man; and the *Bauer* come up constantly to the house as though they were members of the family, for his advice and assistance. And as I walked over the farm, I could not but be most pleasantly struck with the politeness of all of them to him, and his to them. We meet again about eleven for the breakfast, a more formal meal. Here, as nearly everywhere in Germany where thanks are offered at all at a meal, it is done *in silence*. And I must say that it has a much more solemn effect than the hurried, careless form, so prevalent with us. It is very difficult for most persons to preserve *the life* in words so often repeated, or to invent new words for each occasion; but in these few moments of solemn stillness *thoughts* can be breathed which are really prayer.

After this morning meal comes the principal business of the day; and in this family, as in most of the families of Germany, whether in city or country, the ladies do the principal part of the house-work. Again, in the middle of the afternoon, we meet at the great meal of the day, the dinner. This is a long, social meal, with a strange variety of dishes, which I will not venture to enumerate. After it is over we all rise and shake hands, with the words, "*Gesegnet die Mahlzeit*," (Blessed be the meal!) in quite a serious manner. In the beginning of the evening again, tea and biscuit; and at the end another hearty supper of meats, &c.

This arrangement of meals, so common in Germany, is rather surprising at first to an American, and quite upsets all his previous theories of dietetics. The Germans, however, appear to bear up under it very well.

My friends one morning while I was there took me out to see the farm, and the country lying about. This farm, like most of those in Holstein, is principally a dairy farm, though having large fields of grain. I noticed in the pastures here some hundred and fifty cows, many of them crosses of the Ayrshire or the Durham breed. Agriculture is carried to really a high degree of perfection in the Duchies; and I need only mention one fact to show the progress of improvement here. The whole system of "thorough draining," an improvement so little known even in our country, with its immense advantage to such a soil as this, has been in operation in Holstein nearly eight years.

In the course of our walk we passed some of the houses of the Bauer, and they seemed to be living, as far as one could judge, in considerable comfort. In fact, many of the peasants now in Holstein are possessed of quite large properties.

There are Bauer in the district where I was with incomes of several thousand dollars a year. A great deal has been done in the Duchies, and indeed in all Germany, for the education of the lower classes. Every man is obliged to send his children to school, or he is exposed to a fine. Advancement in the army, attaining of the commonest state offices, and even confirmation in the church, is made dependent, in a greater or less degree, on the previous education. Yet I am bound to say I am struck everywhere with the fact—a fact which all noblemen in Germany deeply feel—that the great *results* of education are not apparent in their lower classes. The peasants can all write and read, and cast up accounts; but they never have been taught to *think*. There is very little active intelligence among them, very little which would fit them for the supporting a system of self-government. When we talk of our grand system of schools and colleges at home, it may be worth while to remember that they are not by any means all the basis of our education. The American people has been going through with, and is going still through, an education very different from what is gained from either books or lectures.

It is always rather hazardous accounting for any condition of a whole people on one cause; but I would say, that if any one thing could be found which deadened all religious life, and along with it all intellectual life in the peasantry of Germany, it is this making religion and the developments of religion a subject of *law*. Wherever I have been in Germany, the conversation has fallen very naturally on this "Confirmation-law;" and I have never yet heard any sound reason given for it in the existing circumstances. By this law no man can attain to any civil office, no man can be either a sailor or a soldier, or even claim the protection of his country's law, without having first made a solemn confession of his faith and hope, and received confirmation from his pastor. The natural consequence is, that every Bauer comes to look upon the profession of his faith much as he does upon his drill and his tax-paying, as a necessary duty commanded by government, which he had better go through with quietly, and save himself from fine. But the deep experience in religion, as an individual matter of the heart; the personal interest in the church and in the preacher; the consciousness of sympathy with those who have united voluntarily for good objects, he very seldom feels. Here in Holstein, where we were, and wherever I travel in Germany, I hear constant complaints of the very little interest taken by the lower classes in religion, and in the institutions of worship. They are honest, and moral, and industrious; but as to troubling their minds very much about the Being above them, or a future, that is quite another matter. They are content to go on, as their fathers have before them, to smoke their pipe and drink their coffee, go to church as little as possible, and then quietly and easily drop away from life.

It is a sad picture, perhaps one of the saddest, to draw of any people. Yet, from what I hear everywhere, and from persons not liable to be prejudiced, as well as from my own observation, I am compelled to believe it is too true.

Many of the Germans will defend this law on the ground that the great object of it is *education*; to give the state everywhere educated servants, and that the religious confession is only a side matter. Others, with the usual metaphysical tendency of the nation, will carry you back to the original "foundation-idea" of government, as including in it that of church and of education also.

Waiving this last argument here, one may say, as far as mere education is concerned, or as far as the idea of religious life being generally a gradual development is included, one could not have so strong an objection to this system of the Germans. But the whole appearance of the law,

sweet, though the enjoyment of them is wholly gone.'

"Upon this," said Mr. McAll, "I altered my tone, and said with the tenderness I really felt, But, my dear friend, are you not aware that the truths are the same as ever, and your mind clings as tenaciously as ever to those truths, and the Author of those truths is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever? All the difference, therefore, arises from your diseased apprehension of things; and you are confounding the decay of consolation with the decay of piety. Recollect, that while these truths are precious to you, the emotions with which you still cherish the remembrance of them are precious in God's sight; and whilst you have your memorials of the past, *God has his memorials too!* He says, 'Yea, I have graven you on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my loving-kindness shall never depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.' It pleased God to bless this conversation (which has been too briefly and imperfectly sketched) to the afflicted man. His mind recovered its trust and consolation, and he shortly afterward died in peace."

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 12.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1851.

The first number of the third volume of *The Independent* will be published on the 2nd of January, 1851.

It is hoped that all subscribers whose time of payment expires about this period will treat the publisher with the promptitude which he is expected to maintain to them.

New subscribers will conveniently commence at that time; for which purpose we shall print a suitable number of copies.

TERMS FOR 1851.

The price of THE INDEPENDENT is uniformly as follows:

To subscribers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Newhaven, Hartford, and Boston, Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, for which sum the paper will be delivered by carriers.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

The recurrence of this annual festival of the Puritans calls for no commendation of its uses and benefits to those who have been educated therein. But inasmuch as the festival is an exotic in this region, although quite naturalized and vigorous, it may help somewhat toward a due appreciation of the day to recapitulate the history of this observance. In rejecting the holy-days of the Church of England as of mere human appointment, borrowed from and tending to Popery, the Puritans had no thought of depriving themselves of the moral benefit of days of special religious services—of fasting or thanksgiving. They objected to the *uniformity* of such days as prescribed in the calender, because they thought this tended to formalism, but they regarded the *occasional* observance of such seasons as right and profitable. The earliest expression of their views upon this point is found in a pamphlet published in England in 1616, entitled "A Confession and Protestation of the Faith of Certain Christians in England, holding it necessary to observe and keep all Christ's true Substantial Ordinances for his Church Visible and Political: That is, Indued with Power of Outward and Spiritual Government—under the Gospel; though the same do differ from the Common Order of the Land. Published for the Clearing of the said Christians from the Slander of Schism and Novelty, and also of Separation, and Undutifulness to the Magistrate, which their rash Adversaries do falsely cast upon them. Also, an Humble Petition to the King's Majesty for Toleration therein. Coloss. ii. 6. Psal. cxiv. 9, 10."

This publication, which appeared anonymously, was imputed to "the first Independent or Congregational Church in England," organized that same year, of which Mr. HENRY JACOB was chosen Pastor, by the suffrage of the brotherhood.

The 22d Article of this Protestation reads as follows:

"Of Holy Days, so called. We believe that under the Gospel, there is not any Holy Day, besides the Lord's day; nor any Fasting-day, or Days constant, ordinary, and on certain seasons, or times of the year, continually to be observed. All such observing of Days we believe is against God's Word, not only as being religious ordinances instituted by men,—never thought on by Christ nor his Apostles in all their time, who yet had the Holy Ghost leading them 'into all truth' meet for Christian people, and had more reason to institute them than we,—but also as being directly forbidden in the Fourth commandment. * * * * And yet again, Days of Thanksgiving, or Fasting, which by men are appointed, upon some special occasion, and are to be used accordingly—in no wise constantly and continually—we approve and allow as having warrant from the Spirit of God both in the Law and in the Gospel." —(Hanbury's Memorials, vol. 1, p. 300.)

Days of Fasting and Thanksgiving were observed very early in the history of the New England colonies. The Mayflower did not set sail till after several seasons of Fasting and Prayer with reference to the expedition, and one of the first acts of the Pilgrims on landing at Plymouth was public Thanksgiving to God for his favor. The settlers of New Haven, soon after they arrived at Quinnipiac, observed a day of fasting and prayer with reference to the civil organization of the "plantation," and days of public thanksgiving were early observed in that colony. The Pilgrims therefore were not prejudiced against the observance of such days, but only against the *set* days of the calendar which were magnified to an undue importance by the Church of England. The early settlers of New England were in circumstances which led them to feel very deeply their dependence upon God for the supply of their daily bread, and their piety manifested itself in the observance of a day of fasting and prayer at seed-time, and a day of thanksgiving when the harvest had been gathered in.

The first mention of Holy Days in the laws of the Plymouth colony occurs in the code of 1636, in these words:

"That it be in the power of the Governor and Assistants to command solemn daies of humiliation by fasting, &c. and also for thanksgiving as occasion shall be offered."

In 1682 the following law was passed respecting the observance of such days, which shows that such observance had been customary during the interval.

"It is enacted that none shall presume to attend servile worke or labour, or attend any sports on such dayes as are or shall be appointed by the Court for humiliation by fasting and prayer, or for publicke Thanksgiving, on penalty of — shillings."

The alternative of being "publickly whipte," which the law provided in case of a "prophanascon" of the Lord's Day, does not seem to have been applied to these days of human appointment. Whatever may be thought of such enactments at this day, they were forbearing and mild in comparison with the then existing laws of England on the same subject, and the laws of the Episcopalian colony of Virginia, "to compel every person to go to church on Sundays and Holy Days, were *far more severe* than those of any part of New England."

The appointment of days of thanksgiving in the New England colonies was ordinarily made by the civil authority; but in Massachusetts it was provided that "Every Church of Christ hath freedom to celebrate dayes of fasting and prayer, and of thanksgiving, according to the word of God." Even when a day of thanksgiving had been duly appointed by the Governor or the General Court, it could be set aside for sufficient reason by any town or district. Thus, if we are rightly informed, the town of Colchester, in Connecticut, once voted to postpone the day of Thanksgiving *because the storekeeper had not a supply of molasses* for the occasion, and it was therefore impossible for the gude-wives to provide the indispensable pumpkin pie. The reason being so weighty, the General Court did not construe this vote of the town as an act of rebellion.

Thanksgiving Day has now become *the* hallowed festival of New England. And neither sectional jealousies nor religious prejudices have hindered its being transferred to other States, even to the remotest South. In New York annual Thanksgiving began to be appointed by Governor Clinton in 1819, and the custom grows in favor with the people from year to year. It has not been found so easy to transfer to other States the *fast day* of the Puritans. It is well, however, that the time-honored *festival* of the Puritans has become general, and in a sense national. This will present to the rising generation a more genial aspect of the Puritan character and institutions than is apt to be presented in books or in traditions. It will serve also as a bond of union between communities and States, as well as between the widely scattered members and branches of families. And it will keep alive in the heterogeneous millions of our population a sense of religious obligation to God for national prosperity.

Let then the day be observed with all honor. It is a day for the public acknowledgement of the mercies of the year, in agricultural and commercial wealth, in public health, safety, and peace, and in the general prosperity of education and religion. It is a day for the free and kind discussion of topics which relate most nearly to our national welfare. It is a day for the joyful consecration of heart, property, and life to the Giver of all good. It is a day (let patentees of stoves and furnaces pardon the poetic license) for the gathering of families around the old hearth-stone to recount the blessings and the changes of the year, and to mingle their hopes and joys. It is a day for youthful festivity and mirth, and for the rejuvenescence of age. It is a day also for kind and neighborly feelings and acts, especially toward the poor and the sorrowing. It is pre-eminently a day for HOME; for the past and the future to interblend in the domestic circle, which for the time is all the world; a day for the easy forgetfulness of outward strifes and commotions, and the calm enjoyment of domestic peace and love. Said Robert Southey, writing to a friend, "While you are amusing yourself with mathematics, and I lounging over the law, the political and commercial world are all in alarm and confusion. I cannot call myself a calm witness of all this, for I sit by the fireside, hear little about it, think less, and see nothing; all hoping, and expecting all in patient faith! Tranquillity of mind is a blessing too valuable to sacrifice for all the systems man has ever established. My day of political enthusiasm is over. I know what is right, and as I see that everything is wrong, care more about the changing of the wind, lest it should make the chimney smoke, than for all the empires of Europe."

Though such a calm indifference to events around us might be selfish as a habit of mind, it is at least allowable on THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF HEAVEN.

In the closing chapters of Revelation, the Spirituality of Heaven is brought into view in the sublime idea of the absence of all symbols of worship. Heaven is described by what it is *not* rather than by what it *is*—which indeed could not be brought within the compass of human language. In looking at a picture of the New Jerusalem, the eye naturally seeks the Temple which should crown its hights, more vast and gorgeous than that which stood upon Moriah. But in vain does it look for a correspondence in this respect with the earthly symbol. By one stroke of the pencil, the temple with its mystic treasures, its divinely-patterned furniture and ornaments, its altars and its sacrifices, its priests and its worship, is obliterated forever. The inspired Revelator, who was carried away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain whence he could view the city of God, tells us, as if filled with surprise, "*I saw no temple therein.*"

But bewildering as was this announcement of the inspired seer, not only to the Jew, to whom the Temple was the glory of the city and the land, the center toward which his devout aspirations were ever tending, but also to the Christian who had learned to trace in that temple and ritual, as in symbolic lines, the priesthood and the sacrifice of Christ,—contrary as is this announcement of the want of a Temple in the New Jerusalem, to our natural conceptions of the antitype of the city of David, it yet gives us an insight into the Spirituality of Heaven and its worship, such as no other language could have conveyed. There is in these words an uplifting of the soul into the very atmosphere of Heaven;—as if the same Spirit who carried John to his high place of vision, had lifted us out of the body, and away from its dependence upon material objects, and bade us view not the place of worship but the Being whom we worship—above all place or circumstance or rite or form—Himself a Temple to each sanctified and ennobled mind.

'I saw not what I had looked to see—a Temple corresponding in dimensions and in splendor with the city of crystal and gold on which I gazed, I saw no gorgeous pile of sapphire and rubies towering above the rest, with the nameless Name emblazoned on its front;—but I saw a vision more sublime—JEHOVAH the center of light, of glory, and of praise;—where should have been the Temple, was His Throne, and where the Holy of Holies, the HOLY ONE Himself revealed alike to all. I saw no Temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it!'

What a view does this representation of Heaven suggest of the capacity and the destiny of the sanctified soul! The soul of man was made in the image of God that it might glorify him and enjoy him forever. But it has fallen from that original blessedness by yielding to the desires of the flesh; by suffering the body, made to be the instrument of its will, to become its master; by giving to the sensual and the earthly predominance over the spiritual and the heavenly. Yet from this degradation it has been redeemed;—the work of sin effaced; the germ of a higher life implanted by the divine Spirit, and in the progress of this life it shall recover its lost character and gain its exalted destiny. That destiny is to become a partaker of the divine nature;—to dwell in God's presence and share God's blessedness, forever. In comparison with this all earthly good is vanity. To secure this consummation for the soul of man, all the dispensations of Providence and of Grace have been ordained. The sacrifices of the ancient dispensation and the ordinances of the new, the Temple with its solemn and imposing rites, and the house of prayer with its simple, spiritual worship, priests and prophets, apostles and teachers, all these, yea and the work of redemption itself, have been but the scaffolding by which the soul might mount to its own place in the heaven of God. There it shall expand forever in a life derived from Him who is all in all. No need there of temple or of priesthood, where the glorified spirit rests in the bosom of its Maker; sun, moon and stars, shall be thrown aside as smoldering tapers in the light of day; freed from this dull, sluggish body,—nay we will not put dishonor upon God's workmanship, though marred by sin—but how refined and elevated shall the soul have become when it shall no more need this body with its delicate organism and its exquisite sensations, the eye to drink in the beauty of color and the ear the sweetness of sound, but rising above the highest frame of enjoyment known in connection with this physical world, it shall be the more joyous and elastic and blessed, because disencumbered of the body and left to its own expansion! Truly as saith Augustin, "there is but one object greater than the soul and that is its Creator." And the soul's greatness shall expand evermore as it shall be filled with all the fullness of God.

How important then is it that we should here cultivate and develop the spiritual part of our nature, as a preparation for the heavenly state. Each one of us has a soul capable of that infinite expansion in the presence of God. Is it for this that we are training it? Do we prize the seasons of devotion and the means of grace which we now enjoy, or might enjoy, as a preparation for heaven? It is by cultivating the spiritual in distinction from the sensuous, by exercising the heart in a pure devotion, that we shall be fitted through grace for a worship and a communion where there is no temple. It is by loving and serving God, and by honoring and trusting Christ, that we may obtain a relish and a fitness for a world in which all light, all glory, and all joy proceed from the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb. They only who take supreme delight in spiritual worship, in prayer and praise and communion with God, can have a well-founded hope of heaven, or possess any congeniality for that world. The humble, devout, prayerful Christian, who walks by faith and feeds on heavenly truth, will find himself at home in the employments of the celestial city. Glorious is the prospect before such a mind.

But in contrast with this the reflection forces itself upon us, that those who have no true religion of heart, but who live to gratify their carnal nature, or in the pursuit of mere knowledge or fame, can have no place in heaven. They must be shut out by a law of nature as well as by the fiat of God. Heaven is a state, a condition of pure spirituality—for which such have no fitness. The heaven of the Indian, with its hunting-grounds, its war-dances and its drinking-horns; the heaven of Mahomet, with its harems and houris, a heaven of sensual delight; the heaven of the infidel and the sensualist, where carnality reigns; even the cold speculative heaven of the philosopher,—what are these as the destination of the soul of man made in the image of God? There is but one heaven in the universe, and that is a heaven of pure spiritual delight, of lofty, unending devotion. For that heaven, they who love this world and seek its vain delights, they who live for the pleasures of earth and sense, for that heaven such have no fitness, and for such that heaven has no place. There shall enter into it nothing that defileth. They who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, shall not enter into that city which God irradiates and sanctifies with his presence. While all is light and blessedness there, with them shall be utter darkness and eternal woe.

AFFECTION.—PASSION.

Affection is the Fire, confined and guarded, yet carefully cherished, which gives its cheerful warmth to the household. Through the darkness and gloom of Grief, it sheds its rays of brightness and its influences of cheer over the circle. Amid the intense rigors of Adversity, it still may make the life within-doors peaceful and genial. It goes into the drawing-room, with its costly furnishings; into the library, with its ranged books and maps; into the pleasant, familiar place of rest and converse; and it makes them all cheerful. It goes up into the nursery, and folds the little ones in the influence of its power. It makes all more glad to come home from the world, and to gather in groups round the family hearth. It is the cheerer, enlightener, and comforter of life; a serviceable friend, as well as a brilliant and beautiful companion; and without it, the world would be desolate and cold.

Passion is the same Fire, broken loose from restraint, and devastating life. The choicest ornaments, of culture and taste, are despoiled in its hot grasp. The most delightful circles are broken up and destroyed. The home of intelligence and happiness becomes a blackened and charred heap.—Who then will say that God does not wisely, in giving the restraints of his Truth and his Law, the guardianships of his Providence, the admonitions of Conscience, the warnings of Penalty, the example of his Son, to hold Affection within its limits? In guarding it—while he also enkindles and cherishes it, by the glow of his Word and the breath of his Spirit—in guarding it so vigilantly, from this desolating spread? Take away these restraints, and the world itself would be wrapt in the fury of universal Passion. Let each man for himself hold it firmly in the control of a God-guided Will.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE AND INSPECTION.

It is a very subduing and solemnizing thought that God's inspection of us is constant and perfect, and that in no way can we escape or avert it for an instant. Wherever we are, God is with us. Wherever he is, he is in his perfection; in perfect holiness, in perfect intelligence; in all the elements and the attributes of his infinite being. He sees each act. He hears each word. He knows each thought that rises upon the mind, and every desire that stirs within the heart. He follows us in our outgoings. He is with us, continually, in our most intimate intercourse with friends and companions. He is always beside us, in our solitary moments. No brightness from his glory burns in felt splendor upon the conscious soul. No pressure of his perceived Infinitude overburdens the spirit and weighs it down. But he is with it, and with it always; and if the inner eye were purged, to discern the realities which are spiritual, or if the veil of the body were rent away from before the soul so that it looked on that which is Invisible, we should *see* Him present; and be sublimed into rapture, or overwhelmed in despair and in dread, at the view!

Now if we take this thought—which the Scriptures, which Reason, even, so clearly show us—and meditate upon it, it will clearly illustrate to us the reason which the Christian has, always and everywhere, for confidence, and courage; since God is with him. If we combine with this thought the remembrance of the Eternity of God, and bring before us the fact that whatever he sees he sees forever, and never loses—it will help us to feel how perfect and complete will be the revelations made of our conduct at the Judgment, where we meet him. It will show us the fearful import of the Saviour's declaration that for every *idle word* men shall give account in that Day. We can hardly be otherwise than solemn and thoughtful, when we think thus distinctly of the Presence of God; anxious and careful, that all we do, or think, or say, may be acceptable to him; fearful to sin, knowing that he will note it all; desirous to attain that pure and sublime communion with him, in thought and prayer, which becomes possible for us through this his personal presence with us.

It is delightful also to remember, in connection with this thought, that by the faithful accomplishment of the duties of life, whatever these may be,—by doing them with right purposes, and with reference to right ends,—we may always secure the approbation of God, and be assured of his present and watchful love; that every act may be RELIGIOUS, in the spirit that marks it, and in the end to which it contributes. If we have first the Character of holiness within, formed there by our endeavor through the truth, and by the concurrent influence of the Spirit of God, and if this character be expressed in the conduct of life, then even our commonest acts shall be glorified by it. It will pass into and sanctify them. It will change them from trivialities, into accomplished duties; as the breath of the Spirit, in the old fairy tales, changed pebbles into pearls. In its consistent, consecutive, beautiful unfoldings, its steady outbreathings into the intercourse of Life, it will make all that Life acceptable to God; will fit us to enter his higher Presence, with perfect joy. Oh, what a moment it will be, when the soul that has sought God diligently and faithfully through Christ his Son, that has received of his Spirit, that has been touched, imbued, pervaded by his Truth, and has faithfully wrought in his service through life—part from the clay, and meets him in glory!

The parting words of Evarts—"Oh, the Glory! oh, the Glory!"—what were they but the impetuous and raptured utterances of a mind looking upward at last to God its Father, in unveiled vision? The heavenly smile, the streaming and glad brightness, that has played on the face of many a departing saint, when Death was crumbling the body into fragments—what have they been, but the glimpsings and flashing propheries of the Light of the Presence of God, Most High? May you and we, alike, dear Reader, meet that in peace! And when we enter the Spiritual World, now invisible to us yet always around us, and become aware of the Presence and the Inspection of God—beneath which we all our life have walked and lingered, but which we then shall first discern—may it be to find it a presence of Love and Favor, as well as of Holiness; of benign Acceptance and boundless Welcome, as well as of the infinitude of Knowledge and of Power!

CHINESE TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A very interesting, and certainly a most important question, concerning the translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese language, has lately been agitated among the Protestant Missionaries in China. These gentlemen have been engaged for several years in the revision of the former imperfect version, and the preparation of it for republication; and the question referred to has met them inevitably in their prosecution of this work. Some rumors regarding it have already reached our readers; and as the statement of the case is of interest in itself, and may shed light on the general course of missionary anxieties and labors, we shall sketch it, in the general, and as briefly as we can.—The question concerns the proper terms to be used in the translation of the Hebrew or Greek words, for God, gods, and Spirit; especially the former two. Several terms have been proposed, none of which are entirely satisfactory, as a brief account will show.

The thing to be accomplished evidently is, the conveyance to the Chinese mind, through the medium of the Chinese language, of the knowledge of Jehovah—the only true and living God. This knowledge is not as yet *in* the Chinese mind; and of course no term can be found in the language—this expressing only the existing attainment of that mind—which shall be exactly appropriate to it; exactly equivalent to our word God, as an appellative noun. The four native terms which have been proposed, as answering most nearly the demands of the case, are these: SHANG-TE, TE, TIEN-TE, and SHIN. It has been also proposed, in defect of any better course being found, to transfer the Hebrew Eloha, or Elohim, into the Chinese ALOHO. The difficulties attending the question will become evident, on a brief explication of the import and relations of these several terms.

SHANG-TE, has several significations. It means the Supreme Ruler. It is applied, too, to the five Te's, or Rulers, considered as having charge of the Five Quarters. It is sometimes applied to the Emperor. And it is the name of an existing Chinese idol, very popular with the masses of the Chinese people. It has been introduced but recently, comparatively, into the preaching and writing of the Missionaries in China, as an equivalent for God. And those who have used it—Dr. Medhurst and others—have felt and confessed great objections to it, and have not been steady in their preference for it over other proposed terms. It is now rejected by the large majority of the Missionaries. The objections to it are obvious, and manifold. In the first place, if understood in its highest, which seems to be also for the most part its classical sense, it will not contradict or counteract the Polytheism of the Chinese—the very sin which is the root and heart of all their errors and sins, and against which the Missionary must first, chiefly, and most patiently labor. The first commandment would read, if this be employed: "Thou shalt have no other Supreme Rulers before me;" a command which the polytheist and the idolater would freely accept, even though at the same time he continued his idolatrous adoration to hundreds of other imaginary deities. They might be all subordinate gods, and yet so powerful that he must fear them. The Pantheon of the Chinese mythology would not be cleared at all, by even obedience to such an injunction. And so, of course, with the parallel passages of Scripture.—If understood in any of its lower senses, the term would be even more manifestly inadequate to the description of Jehovah. There must be constant and imminent peril, indeed, attending its use; from the fact that as understood by the popular mind in China, it has reference mainly and most frequently to an idol. The danger is, that the very idolatry against which the missionaries would press most vigorously, will not only not be counteracted, but will be understood by the Chinese as positively enforced and commanded, if Shang-Te is made the equivalent for Jehovah. Bishop Boone reports a very striking and impressive case of this kind, which occurred under the preaching of one of his own presbyters; who had directed an awakened Chinaman to pray to God for guidance and help—using Shang-Te as the term for expressing God;—and who found after a little that he was repairing every day, for that purpose, to the temple of the disgusting material idol.

The simple liability to this danger would seem to make it impossible to justify the use of this term. Yet even its advocates admit that very careful and continuous instructions are necessary to guard against such a misapprehension of it. The logical objections to it are also unanswerable; first, that it is not in its nature a general appellative noun; and second, that it is a title of office and of authority, rather than a noun descriptive of Being. Under these circumstances, it is not wonderful that the great majority of the missionaries have rejected this term, and that even its advocates have fluctuated and vacillated in their adhesion to it.

The terms TE, and TIEN-TE, are equally or more objectionable. They refer likewise to authority, not to personal essence and qualities; and are altogether inadequate to represent God. The first means Ruler; the second Heaven's Ruler. They do not express the being, therefore, or the true station and majesty of Jehovah, the King of kings, Immortal and Invisible. They do not seem, even, to carry with them any sense of the *adorableness* of the beings referred to. It is a very significant fact, stated by a writer in the *Chinese Repository*, that no one of their countrymen has ever exhorted the Chinese to sacrifice to the Te's, or in any way to worship them; and that on the other hand no Christian Missionary, in his zeal against polytheism, has ever remonstrated against such worship. To say "Thou shalt have no other TE, before me," might be, therefore, to teach Monarchism, but it would not be to teach an intelligible Monotheism. If understood in a higher sense, as equivalent or nearly so to Shang-Te, as was said upon that term, the polytheist would accept it. If understood in a lower and comprehensive sense, as referring to all Rulers, the Emperor would be likely to behead without ceremony the man who preached or the man who received it.—The Romanist Missionaries, after long discussion of the subject, were required many years since by an 'infallible' bull of the Pope, to use TIEN-CHOU, or Lord of Heaven, as the term for God. But precisely the same objections apply to this as to the other terms. It is proper, not generic. It describes station, only, not person. And it does not combat Polytheism. No Protestant, that we remember, has proposed to adopt it.

The proposition to transfer the Hebrew into a new Chinese term, ALOHO, is one to which serious objection obviously exists. It would be a perfectly unintelligible term to the Chinese mind; explaining nothing, and communicating no knowledge, except as itself explained by some synonyme and equivalent. But if such equivalent exists, and can be found, it had better be used directly, of course, and not as a mere exegetical medium by which to transfer the meaning of the novel and unintelligible word. To say that Jehovah is the only Aloho, would be to the Chinese very much what it would be to us to tell us that 'Haratha is the only Zunzib.' Neither term being understood, the proposition would of course state nothing to him. It would be perfectly inexplicable and useless. The general impression among the Chinese who have heard of this term Aloho, as is stated by one of the Missionaries, is this: that it is the name of some new Hadian god, whom the missionaries believe in, but with whom their own Religion has nothing to do. Of course their polytheism could not be counteracted by the use of this word, nor any just conception of Jehovah be conveyed to them.

The only remaining course that seems open, is to take the native term SHIN; and this the large majority of the Missionaries in China, and the managers of the Bible Society in this country, so far as at present advised on the subject, are disposed to do. There are some serious objections to it but the counterbalancing advantages resulting from its use, seem sufficient to over-weigh these;—especially as the choice is at best a choice between confessedly defective and imperfect terms. The main objections to it are, its great generalness of application, and the fact that in its original and radical signification it seems to refer to spirituality, rather than to Divinity, of nature or attributes. It is applied to almost everything invisible, which is supposed to possess power; to the spirit of winds, of hills, of fire, of thunder; to the Manes of the dead; elves, fairies, hobgoblins, sprites; to the spirit of wood, of air, of earth; to nearly every Unseen Force. There may be danger, therefore, that in using it for God, the idea attaching properly to that word will be lowered and degraded by the debasing associations with which this is defiled. There may be danger, even,—though this has not been suggested in any of the publications which we have seen—that a sort of immaterial Pantheism will be taught through it; and that by the use of it, in the Commandments and elsewhere, the tendencies which unquestionably exist in the Chinese philosophical mind, toward a resolution of all phenomenal existence into one boundless but blind and necessitated Spirit, may be aided and aggravated.

But still the advantages connected with the use of this word, as distinguished from others, are many. Though not in itself, probably, implying Divinity of nature, it is certainly applied as a general term to *all beings who are worshipped*. It includes the highest and extends to the lowest. Shang-Te is a Shin, as well as the ghost of the meanest beggar. There is not any imaginary being to whom the Chinese sacrifice and pay adoration, to whom the term is not applied by them. This is unquestionably established; by the translations we have seen, from both the ancient and the present writings of the Chinese Literature. It is not disproved by any of the Missionaries. In this respect, then, the term is substantially equivalent to the Hebrew Elohim, which is applied to angels as well as to Jehovah; which is applied to even idols, when they are worshipped; as to the images of Laban; to the golden calf of Aaron; to the image of Dagon, etc. By this term idolatry, and finally polytheism, can be effectually forbidden and resisted. And there seems no doubt that gradually, as the process of Christian instruction goes patiently and steadily forward in China, and the knowledge of the Christian truth is circulated more and more widely among the people, the word can be rescued from its low associations, and a fulness of meaning be incorporated with it which it needs, and as yet has not; but which it seems more capable than any other proposed term of consistently receiving. The large majority of the Missionaries abroad are of the same judgment; the numbers standing, it is said, as 55 to 19. SHIN was the term used formerly by Drs. Morrison and Milne, and by Dr. Medhurst himself, who now opposes it. It has in its support the powerful advocacy of Drs. Bridgman and Boone, and of many other distinguished missionaries of all evangelical bodies. The question has been remitted for decision to the Bible Societies of America and England; and it seems probable that they will either unite upon the use of this term, or, if that must be in order to conciliate all parties, upon the publication of two editions; one with this term, and another with the transferred Aloho. There would be no objection on the ground of *principle* to the latter course; but unless it were necessary, it would be manifestly inexpedient.

The publications on this subject have been very voluminous;—embracing many elaborate pamphlets, reviews, articles, manuscript letters, etc. Very few of them find their way, of course, to the general eye. If they did, the fragments of Chinese literature with which they are garnished would not tend to make them attractive or intelligible. But to one who is called to peruse them, under a sense of responsibility, and in the discharge of a difficult but important duty, they become gradually invested with great interest. They show—almost without exception—the workings of strong, clear, and thoughtful minds; conversant with Chinese Letters, yet expressing themselves with ease and energy in their native English tongue. They show the strong and pervading desire of the writers, to reach most effectually the minds of the Chinese. And they let one in upon a more intimate survey of the thousand-fold embarrassments, hesitations and difficulties, of the missionary course. Most fervently and continually should the prayers of Christians ascend for those who are wearing out life in labors so perplexing, so responsible, and so arduous!—We cannot close without referring particularly to the letters and pamphlets of Bishop Boone, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission in China. Bishop Boone is not much known in this country, at least out of his own department of the Church. But his letters show signal patience and force of thought; a highly logical, careful, and discriminating mind, as well as a heart imbued with the spirit which the Master loves. He is an honor to his Church, abroad; and a pillar of strength to the Protestant Missions in China.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

The season of the year reminds us of our duties to the poor. Upon the whole, we doubt if there is any other means of grace so profitable to a Christian as the *whole* duty of relieving the poor; for giving money is but a small part, and often the least effective part, of duty to them. They often need counsel more than charity; sympathy as much as counsel; and encouragement as much as either. A *loan* will often do more good than a gift. The quarter-day, or monthly rent-day, is regular; but the scanty earnings are not. A lift now and then over the bad spots will take a family through the winter, and when work revives in the spring, the loan may be repaid with actual profit to the poor man, to be lent again. A hundred dollars outright is often not so well given as if, broken up into small sums, it be lent until the borrower chooses to return it.

Admirable societies exist for the relief of poverty and the prevention of imposition. But if twice as much were done, enough would remain for individual beneficence, to afford grace and profit to every humane and Christian man in our communities. These associations were not meant to supercede individual activity. If they have that effect they will destroy the fountains of charity. Nothing could be more to be regretted than a policy which should withdraw the prosperous and the strong from *visiting* and *communing* with weakness and want. We need to take care of the poor and the unfortunate for our own sakes, as much as for theirs.

Every man ought then to take a single case or family (or more if his circumstances will allow), and look after them through the winter. If one cannot by himself relieve the pressure of want, let him go to those who can. See what the children are doing. Let some one family at least feel that sickness will bring you to their help. Let them ask advice and counsel of you. Become their protector. If God has given you wisdom, experience, skill in consoling, wealth, employ all of them for others.

Be not discouraged at anything. If you are imposed upon, do not call all the poor impostors. Look more carefully next time. Very likely it was your fault. You were too indolent, or too careless, or too busy to investigate. You had rather risk a dollar than take the trouble of going out to inquire. If the rule were universal *never to give without inquiry*, it would diminish imposition one half.

When poverty with dignity and delicacy are found, then one needs the very grace of God tenderly enough to relieve the body without wounding the spirit. If sickness calls you, you should be able to cheer by words from heaven. Very likely you have been troubled with dullness in prayer at home. Try it by the bedside of the poor and the sick. You will find that an excellent place to pray in. You have found worldly cares to be a great temptation and hindrance. Ponder your own daily experiences among the wrecks of prosperity just as hopeful a few years ago as your own now is! You have had some skeptical doubts at times, and trouble about doctrines. After you have seen what religion can do among the heart-broken, the forsaken, the suffering, the dying, perhaps you will be less likely to doubt its divine origin; and you may be led, too, to value practical godliness more than the casuistic and the speculative. *

"OBEDIENCE OR REVOLUTION."

The *New York Observer* of the 7th inst., in complimenting the discourses of Drs. Adams and Spencer, on obedience to government, remarks that "Both these gentlemen take the ground that it is a religious duty to render obedience to civil law, except in those rare and extreme cases which justify a revolution."

That Dr. Spencer has committed himself to this sophism, against the voice of all the great expounders of Christianity, the public already know; but our estimate of the good sense, the historical knowledge, and the Christian principle of Dr. Adams, forbids us to believe without further evidence that he has done any such thing. If he said anything like this in the pulpit, he has had the discretion to forbear saying it in print.

The *Observer* endorses the sentiment which it attributes to both these divines. We might perhaps puzzle our contemporary with one or two questions, which admit only of a direct categorical answer, but we prefer to state the case to our readers for their intelligent decision, without waiting for the results of a protracted controversy with others.

When Peter and John were commanded by the Sanhedrim—their highest national authority—"not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus," they replied, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken to you more than to God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

Was the prohibition to Peter and John to preach the gospel, "one of those rare and extreme cases *which justify a revolution?*" Did the command of the Sanhedrim warrant an attempt at civil revolution on the part of the Apostles, in order to resist it? If not, then was it the "*religious duty*" of the Apostles to *obey* that command, and was their downright refusal to obey it, "rebellion and treason?"

They refused to obey solely upon the ground that the command was contrary to their duty to God. It was an individual case; not a case of national oppression, and they acted as individuals. "Remand us to prison," say they, "if you will; scourge us, stone us, compass our death as you compassed the death of our Lord:—all that we are prepared to meet; but we *will not obey* your command; we will continue to preach." Were the Apostles right or wrong? If right, by what principle can those who hold the doctrine referred to above justify their conduct? They refused to obey the command of their judges simply upon conscientious grounds. In so doing they did not fall back upon the social right of revolution, but upon their duty as individuals to Christ their Lord.

When John Knox returned from France to Scotland he was proclaimed an outlaw and a rebel, and was forbidden to preach. He went directly to Perth, and preached in open defiance of the civil authority. Was the case of Knox such an extreme one as "would justify a revolution?" If so, who was the proper judge of that? And if not, was it the duty of Knox to have refrained from preaching? But he *did* preach, and he justified himself to the Queen by the higher authority of God. Every intelligent Christian will justify him on the same ground. This is the ground upon which the martyrs and confessors of the Christian faith have stood in every age. Who are they that would now *brand the martyrs as rebels*, because they refused to obey the civil law whenever it commanded anything contrary to the commands of Christ?

Calvin says, "*If rulers command anything against the Lord, it ought not to have the least attention.*" Professor Hodge says, "*No command to do anything morally wrong can be binding.*" Is this sound Presbyterian doctrine, or is it the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church, that it is "*a religious duty*" to *obey* a law which requires us to do a thing *morally wrong*," except in those rare and extreme cases which justify a revolution?"

The *Observer*, which has been very modest hitherto in its allusions to the position of this journal on the Fugitive Slave Law, now ventures upon a bold assault under cover of an extract from Dr. Spencer's sermon, which consists of garbled quotations and most inexcusable misrepresentations of what this journal has said. There would be something manly and refreshing in controverting a point with the *Observer* editorially, but we have not the heart to contend with it when it has recourse to such weapons. The quotation of our sentiments by such papers as the *Observer* and the *Watchman and Observer*, published at Richmond, by giving them circulation at the South, accomplishes more effectually than we could ever have done the object of those articles, viz., to show the South that the capturing and enslaving of men in our streets—just as men are seized and enslaved for the slave-market on the coast of Africa—is so offensive to men of conscience and principle at the North, and is likely to be so resolutely resisted by the fugitives themselves, that it were better not to attempt it. Every republication of those views for Southern readers gives additional safety to fugitives at the North, and we greatly rejoice in it, though we wonder that such papers as the *Observer*, the *Presbyterian*, *Watchman and Observer*, &c. are not seized at the South and condemned as "incendiary" publications.

CHRIST, PRECIOUS TO THE BELIEVER.

It is delightful and instructive to observe how the sacred writers almost exhaust the capabilities of language and of thought, in their endeavors to describe the preciousness of Christ to the Believing soul. He is a Rock; a Fountain; a Vine; a Fortress; the Shepherd; the Prince; the Brother; the Saviour; the Lamb; the Beloved. He is All in All, to it; the First, and the Last; the Chief among Ten Thousand. The resources of imagery are searched and sounded, to set forth Christ, in the most clear and complete development of his excellence and beauty as adapted to the wants of the weak, the darkened, and the perishing who receive him. It is delightful to observe also, how the responses come back to this affluence and strength of the Scriptures, from the experience of Christians; with what a unanimous and full accord, attesting the love of Christ, and his personal power and grace, they cast their all on him, and delight in his strength. Especially has this been the fact in the hour of Death. The following illustrations, which we copy from a work called "Last Hours of the Dying," by Rev. A. C. Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass., have suggested this thought, as they very vividly exemplify it:—

"Whatever the feelings and conduct may have been in health and ease, it is not amidst the waves of the last dark passage that the professed believer renounces his Lord. Whether he be fisherman or nobleman, Jew or Greek, then especially does Christ seem all in all to him, and he exclaims with a later distinguished convert from Judaism, *Vivat Christus; pereat Barrabbas!*—or with Lambert at the stake, who raised his hands while flames were streaming from his fingers' ends, and cried in his last breath, 'None but Christ! None but Christ!' Julius Palmer, after his head had dropped like those of his fellow martyrs, and all supposed him dead, suddenly raised it again amidst the flames, and articulating—'Sweet Jesus,' then fell asleep. Brown of Haddington, in the quiet of his chamber of sickness and death, broke forth, 'O that I had all the world around me, that I might tell them of Christ. Had I ten thousand tongues and ten thousand hearts, and were employing all in commendation of Christ, I could not do for his honor what he hath deserved.' 'O what must Christ be in himself, when he sweetens Heaven, sweetens Scripture, sweetens ordin

country, passes for a lord. One chief element then of the present alarm and agitation is that in so much as the English idea of a bishop includes the idea of a lordly title and a lordly position, it seems quite shocking to truly English sensibilities that there should be a bishop in England—still more that there should be an archbishop—who is not appointed by the Queen, or rather by Her Majesty's "First Lord of the Treasury."

There is another bearing of this "Roman aggression," which, I apprehend, has much to do with the present excitement. If there can be bishops in England who are quite independent of the secular power—if bishops and archbishops may be multiplied without an act of parliament—who can tell how soon the name of bishop may become dog-cheap? We all know in our country how little a *doctorate* in Divinity adds to the influence or standing of a clergyman. A *bishop* too, with us—since dioceses of not more than two or three thousand Episcopalians have begun to be multiplied, and Roman Catholic bishops sometimes of very humble pretensions as to worldly pomp and station, begin to appear with titles taken from second-rate and third-rate towns—is no great personage. So it may be here in England, if these Romish bishops are not seasonably expelled. Of this peril the members of the established hierarchy, I doubt not, have some instinctive sense. They 'scent' not "oppression, in the tainted breeze," but the coming depreciation of their titles and their dignities by the most reverend and right reverend lordships spiritual which the liberal hand of the Pope is sowing broadcast over the realm. And though the Roman Catholic prelates in England may be excluded from the House of Lords, it is already manifest that even princely dignities are not beyond the reach of their ambition. To be Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, with a seat in the Conclave at Rome, with a voice in the election of Popes, and with the possibility of being himself elected to reign on the most ancient throne in Christendom, and to wear that crown which disowned as it is and shorne of half its splendor commands the homage of more millions than are swayed by the scepter of Victoria—is not much less than to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Beside all this, it is not unlikely that the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops in England, will have some serious advantage over their Anglican rivals. The present Archbishop of Canterbury is a man of great personal worth—a true Protestant Christian—the first Calvinistic divine I believe, who has occupied that see since Abbott was succeeded by Laud. But except in the particulars of his evangelical piety and his Protestant soundness in the faith, Archbishop Sumner in his palace of Lambeth cannot be advantageously compared with Archbishop Wiseman "in his own hired house" in Golden square. In respect to learning and scholarship, Dr. Wiseman, the author of Lectures on the connection between Science and Revelation, is more widely and more favorably known by his contributions to the theological literature of the age, than any prelate of the Angelican Church, save Dr. Whately and Dr. Hampden. The Court of Rome will be likely to appoint to its English bishoprics, men whose personal qualifications will command respect. Things which make the Romish hierarchy odious in some countries—lazy, lordly, luxurious prelates, living in palaces, and sustained by princely revenues—will hardly be seen just now in England, as importations from Rome. Between the two rival hierarchies, side by side, the people are to judge. And unless there shall be some very serious and searching reforms in the Church of England, or unless some new infatuation shall seize upon the councils of jesuitism and of Rome, there is danger that the established Anglican hierarchy may suffer in the comparison.

Since I began to write—and indeed since nearly all the foregoing paragraphs were committed to paper—the manifesto which Dr. Wiseman has just published, has fallen in my way. I cannot but refer to that eloquent and plausible appeal of the Cardinal against the English clergy to the soberer feelings of the English people—as confirming the views which I have ventured to express. At present, I cannot help comparing the excitement around me to the blowing off of steam. No other noise can be heard. But the operation is only temporary. Soon the pressure will begin to diminish. Soon "the sober second thought" of the English common sense will begin to utter itself.

I am sorry to see in a portion of the dissenters a disposition to take part in the outcry of the day. Much wiser would it be for them to hold their peace, and let the two hierarchies fight it out between themselves. L. B.

FROM AN AMERICAN MERCHANT.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 22, 1850.

To the Editors of The Independent:

I notice that Mr. George Thompson, M. P., landed in Boston by the Canada. On inquiry of his friends I understand that when he left he had no intention of meddling with the question of Slavery in the United States, but that his object in visiting America was to deliver some lectures upon the present state of Europe. His object may be to recruit his exchequer. It would be unfortunate if he should get mixed up with the Slavery question in the United States. He could do nobody any good. He would be sure to excite much ill feeling. I hope the people of the United States will sleep well o'nights; I am sure they should do so, since the "UNION SAFETY COMMITTEE" has been constituted. As these fifty gentlemen are on their watch, would it not tend to allay excitement for them to publish bulletins once in every hour how the health of their illustrious patient proceeds? The form might be in this way:

"UNCLE SAM passed a better night and cannot be reported worse this morning."

The community, all excepting these fifty, must feel a burden off their shoulders, something like the relief that the Papists feel about their spiritual welfare when they roll it all over unto the priest. But I was thinking what saint or spirit the fifty could invoke. The priest has all the saints that have been *canonized* (or as Dr. Cox says, some of whom should have been *cannonaded* instead of *canonized*); but what saint would these fifty invoke? Saint Jonathan would pay no attention to them, for he was a down-east Yankee and abhorred Slavery. The genius of slavery alone remains for them.

Perhaps they would rather trust to Uncle Sam's soldiers. It would indeed be a spectacle to see Bunker's Hill fortified and bristling with cannon to keep the wicked Bostonians in awe.

Here in England they have got used to it. A few miles from where I am now writing is an immense barrack, cavalry, infantry and artillery, some thousands strong, to keep the people from getting too much agitated. So in every large town in England, Ireland and Scotland. These regiments are changed constantly, to prevent the soldiers from getting acquainted with the people. Would it not be well for Mr. Fillmore to imitate this prudent example?

The Fugitive Slave bill in its essence and details is as revolting to the northern feeling as those who drew it could *at that time* invent; but perhaps next session of Congress, putting their wit together, could contrive one even more revolting. It would require infernal ingenuity to do it. It might be an interesting experiment for those who love the Union so much to try and see what new humiliation could be found for the North and then garrison every city and large town with troops and force the law upon them at the point of the bayonet. What madness! what infatuation!! When such men as Daniel Webster can be found to laugh, jeer and make light of that moral and religious sentiment which recognizes a higher law, which has been and is the glory of New England, when such a man overlooks and counts as nothing the great FACT that on this very sentiment has rested our free institutions; that during his whole life, in his speeches, he has been appealing to it, and eulogizing it; that the teachers of religion, the clergy of New England, who of all men have taught the lesson of obedience of law, that these men almost without exception feel that the recent measure of Congress, the Fugitive Slave law, outrages the first principles of justice, and in their consciences before God they feel absolved from rendering obedience to it, and will not aid in its execution—is it nothing, is there no danger in passing such laws? Does Mr. Webster expect that the mass of New England men are to be changed and deteriorated suddenly by a resolution of a meeting or a law of Congress? Does he think there is no danger in setting at defiance, if you please so to call it, the *fanaticism* of New England, and her sons scattered abroad over the North, West and even the South? Has the old Puritan spirit of our fathers gone so completely out? No, gentlemen, no; and no you will find it. Trifle with it no longer. On this principle of a higher law *free* institutions have rested and must rest, and you are no friends to liberty if you burn up the foundation on which it rests. You must take the ground that Gen. McDuffie takes, that slavery is the corner-stone of the republican edifice. Your progress down hill is very hopeful for those who wish evil to their country. Witness as an instance Gerard Hallock, who in 1825 could write for the *Boston Recorder* articles against Slavery; 1849 could explain away the Declaration of Independence; 1850 deny the higher law, and lately try to injure business men because they are opposed to slavery. How long will it take such a man to argue that slavery is the corner-stone of our *free* institutions?

Turning from these exciting topics to business, there is nothing special to report. At present it would appear that less goods will go to the United States than a year ago; prices are quite as low as a year since for most goods, although the raw material has advanced. The American demand has a powerful effect upon prices, particularly at this season of the year.

Great interest is felt in the trips of the Collins and Cunard steamers. The Americans go a man stand up for Collins. An Englishman who has been in both tells me he would give £20 more to go in Collins' boats.

We have an extra set of Bishops here now in England; suppose Cunard should get the Pope to nominate extra captains for his boats, to read the Roman Catholic service.

It is amusing to see what a flurry the English Bishops are thrown into by this move of the Pope.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

THE NO-POPERY FEVER

Still rages, and presents some very noticeable phenomena. It is long since there was so marked and general an expression of national feeling. Blind and unintelligent as to a great extent it is, and necessarily would be, yet there is a marked advance in comparison either with the riotous times of Lord George Gordon, or with the intolerance and bigotry of the times of the Catholic emancipation struggle. Now, as then, there is the old hereditary and instinctive, but not over-enlightened hostility to popery on the part of the people. Now, as then, bishops and clergy join in the cry; but now, as *not* then, there is an undertone of deep distrust of the nominally Protestant hierarchy and clergy. Now, as *not* then, many see that it is not with the bishops and clergy a question of *doctrine* but of *jurisdiction*. Bishops who have witnessed with complacency the diffusion of Romish doctrine in their dioceses, and who, enthroned, have been content to be half deified by men who resolved all religion into Episcopacy and were constantly urging the maxim—*do nothing without the bishop*;—such prelates as these, even the Bishop of Bath and Wells, late of Oxford, and Pope Henry of Exeter, are indignant at the idea of Mother Church of Rome sending real, undoubted successors of the apostles into *their* dioceses, and proclaiming *them* to be heretical and naught. We move on slowly, slowly; and Church of England men have little, very little help in moving toward religious light, but we do move on, and though there are few to improve this great occasion, yet it is being improved to a certain extent, and popery within the establishment will receive a check.

There was a strong manifestation of the general feeling at the second annual banquet given by the newly elected Lord Mayor of London on the 9th. Lord John Russell was among the guests, and received greetings of unwonted fervor, on the score of his admirable and pointed letter to the Bishop of Durham, in which he had spoken of popery within the Church as a more serious matter than the foreign and imported article. The Lord High Chancellor (Lord Truro) was also present: he referred with frankness to his former humble position; he had obtained his freedom as a London citizen by apprenticeship; had received his education in one of its public schools: said he:—

"There I first imbibed those feelings and that affection for the Reformation which became endeared to me as my understanding ripened; which I learned to value, and continue to value, as intimately connected with civil and religious liberty—a reformation which, I am sorry to say, at this time calls more than ordinarily on every true-hearted Protestant in the empire to maintain inviolate. It calls on every true-hearted Protestant to maintain and defend it against insidious enemies within and enemies without. (Loud cheers.) There are some who thought it right to depart from that simplicity of Christian worship which our divine Savior adopted, and left us an example of, and who seek to approximate as near as possible to Romish forms, and would almost seem to invite that very invasion with which we have been recently visited. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) You are called upon to watch the progress of that invasion. Protestant England is now informed that she has come under a Roman Catholic hierarchy. Considering the language of the document to which I refer, and considering the truly Romish construction which some attempt to put upon the oath of supremacy, it would seem as if some were acting in fulfilment of the ancient prophecy that the cardinal's cap would equal the crown of the Queen of England. If any such event is anticipated, I would answer them in the language of Gloucester, 'This cap we will tread under our feet in spite of Pope and church adventurers.' (Great applause.)"

This is significant.

Lord Campbell was also present:—this noble and learned lord, it may be remembered, figured some time since in a correspondence with Miss Sellon, "the mother superior" of a semi-Romish orphan society of which the learned lord was a member. The "mother" wrote to him bemoaning the judgment in the Gorham case, and lecturing the judge: now, at this banquet Lord Campbell was quite jocular touching the Pope and his cardinals. He talked in this strain:

"Having said so much, perhaps the most expedient course would be for me to sit down, for I have observed that there is only one topic in the present state of affairs to which you are disposed to listen—(loud cheers)—and to that topic it does not belong to me by any means to allude. I have the honor to hold a distinguished office in one of her Majesty's courts of law, and it might so happen that his eminence Cardinal Wiseman and his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth might be tried at that bar. (A laugh.) If his eminence and his holiness should appear in my hall, then they may depend on it that they will have an impartial trial. (Great laughter and cheers.) My Lord Mayor, you have said that justice is equally administered to persons of all conditions in our courts, and if the Pope himself appeared in his triple crown before me he would receive the same justice as if he were an humble parish priest."

A MANCHESTER ESTIMATE OF SLAVERY.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce acting in concert with Liverpool and Glasgow, have come to a resolution which involves interests scarcely inferior to any which engrosses public attention. For some time past there has been a deep and growing feeling of the insecurity of our great cotton manufacture, upon which the welfare of millions depend—and this feeling of insecurity has not originated merely in the possible insufficiency of the supply, or the dearness of the article, as imported from the Southern States of America. But the conviction has grown, that "*Society itself hangs on a slender thread in these Southern States*;" that the cherished domestic institutions have the sentence of death in them; that, of necessity, they must go where all dying things go; and that they *may* go as by an earthquake. These are the cold, calculated, philosophic conclusions of the clear, far-seeing men of Manchester and Glasgow, or if it must be so, say of the fools and fanatics of Lancashire. It has been again and again urged upon government to look this matter in the face; to trace out the hindrances to the successful culture of cotton in India—the country of cotton. But there are lions in the way. So Manchester takes the matter into its own hands, and has constituted a commission of Indian inquiry. Mr. Mackay, to whom we are indebted for the best and most generous account of the United States, has undertaken the great and arduous task; and it would be difficult to find one better qualified for the work. How much hangs upon it! The welfare of India, and particularly of the Ryots or cultivators of the soil—the welfare of the four millions engaged here in the cotton manufacture, and the comfort of the myriads of consumers; and last, but not least, the fate of "the domestic institution,' which is now seen to be not only *the* great and growing danger of America, but a probable source of serious evil to England.

The "America" arrived on the 10th, and brought from Halifax the substance of a note issued by the President, expressing his determination to enforce the fugitive slave bill by the military force. This is here held to be fatal to the law, for a law which has not the life of general assent breathed into it, and which, in a free and civilized State, cannot stand erect without the support of the bayonet, is not in the highest sense *Law*, but the mere counterfeit of that law which has been eloquently said to be, the image of God.

The French Assembly met on Monday, the 11th inst. The same day the *Presse* gave a document which professed to be the Presidential message and to which the name of the President was attached. It caused no small stir among the Parisians. In the evening the following official instruction was published, and the mystery was explained:—"The article published by the *Presse* of this morning under the title of the 'Message of the President of the Republic to the Legislative Assembly,' is nothing but a collection of fragments borrowed from sundry publications composed at different epochs by the President. Public opinion will appreciate the fairness of such a compilation." The paper was seized, and a prosecution of the editor ordered; the President and the clique being exceedingly angry. Girardin boldly republished his compilation the next day, and defended himself as having printed the real opinions, or former real opinions of the President, in anticipation of the unreal official message of the next day. The real Simon Pure was read on Tuesday by the Minister of the Interior. It is a cleverly manufactured document of about half the ordinary length of a real trans-Atlantic message. It is artfully adapted to the prevailing taste of the Assembly. Here and there the President is made to glory in his shame. Thus of the ever infamous destruction of the Roman Republic he says:

"Since my last message our foreign policy has had great success in Italy. Our arms have overturned at Rome that turbulent demagogic party which throughout the Italian peninsula had compromised the cause of real liberty, and our brave soldiers have had the conspicuous honor of replacing Pius IX. on the throne of St. Peter. Party spirit will not succeed in obscuring this memorable fact, which will be a glorious page for France. The constant end of our efforts has been to encourage the liberal and philanthropic intentions of the Holy Father."!!

In another place the President speaks in grateful terms of the "three new Cardinals granted to the Church of France, in grateful return for the benefits done by our country, and as a mark of esteem for the French episcopate."

The degradation of municipal authorities, the disarming of the National Guards, the dismissal of schoolmasters, the activity of the Gendarmerie, are all referred to as subjects of felicitation. The financial situation is spoken of as greatly improved, but the facts in proof are not clear. The foreign policy "has nobly maintained the dignity of France"—especially the first named case, that of Rome; other references are very equivocal, save this:—"So soon as the French Government learned the criminal attack directed by adventurers against Cuba, we sent additional forces to the station of the Antilles, with instructions to unite its efforts to those of the Spanish authorities to prevent the repetition of similar attempts."

Altogether the President, just *now*, is the very humble servant of the Assembly. He is as clay in the hands of that enlightened and patriotic Legislature.

ENGLAND, November 19, 1850.

The universal stir at home consequent upon the reërection of the papal hierarchy distracts the attention which would otherwise be concentrated upon Germany. Yet the more intelligent await with anxious expectation every post. The din of arms has not yet burst upon the ear. To-day, intelligence from Berlin and Vienna, tend rather to confirm the expectations which had been raised, that the diplomatists would fight it out rather than the generals. But every communication shows that the war spirit is kindled, and the wounded pride and self-respect of Prussia is goading her on to face even Austria and Russia. At all sides are prodigious exertions to accumulate military means. France, we learn to-day, sends a strong corps of observation toward the Rhine! The men of the majority, who govern, are now said to be drawing off, in some apprehension, from the Russian interest. By the way a beautiful new steam yacht, on her first voyage, in fact while being taken out to the emperor, has just been wrecked in the Baltic.

The Asia arrived at Liverpool on the 16th. The stir on the Fugitive Slave Bill engages much attention here. The *Times* of to-day gives a long letter from its American correspondent, which is almost exclusively on this topic: it is written in a pro-slavery spirit, but evidently with anxiety and misgiving. The *Times*, in common with other papers, is ultra-liberal in permitting "Our Correspondent," to write pro-slavery, and exhibit themselves, and the worst characteristics of the American mind: but the *Times* is compelled to remark upon the folly of New York citizens "Resolving" to uphold that which is, to European apprehension, tottering to its fall. The attempt to coerce New York merchants into acquiescence comes here as a "refresher," reminding the English shopkeeper of what was deemed the most outrageous, mean, and malignant feature of the Tory opposition to reform and Reformers. The *Quarterly Review* proclaimed *exclusive dealing* as the means of putting down the Reformers. The Tory press followed in its wake, and a hateful and rancorous spirit was evoked, and the most bitter animosities, and deep seated resentment were engendered. Lords and parsons, and squires, and fierce, ignorant, and fanatical followers joined in waging this kind of civil war. Crafty rogues, crown and Bible men, made their account in it, or thought they did. Weak men, and men of precarious means, and who were dependent, were made hypocrites. But the un-English device did not answer. It has often been noted that in many towns the serviles who were to be patronized and made men of, broke down and became bankrupt in fortune and reputation, while honesty, courage, and consistency flourished amid, and after the storm.

Strange, that the most odious and demoralizing device of the base organ of a falling oligarchy should now be resorted to in New York.

Dr. Bacon is expected in Oxford to-morrow. It is earnestly hoped that the fearful malaria of the place, from which not one divine in a thousand escapes, will not make a prey of him, and so he be for ever lost to the *Independent*, and to all who have a property in him. It is safer to sleep in the Campagnia of Rome, than to breathe the air of this English city of palaces,—and of whited sepulchres.

All the world,—all the English speaking world particularly, has a deep interest in Oxford. Oxford is felt, Oxford speaks, in General Episcopal Conventions in the United States. Oxford is adding a taint where the Ganges pours its flood. Oxford is disturbing the current of the young life of Australia; and if the Man of Sin is ever more to rise in awful proportions, then it shall be truly said, that the blood-stained blasphemer was revivified at Oxford.

Dr. Bacon ought, by moral compulsion, to be fixed for sundry months at Oxford, there to trace the sources of the Nile—of the muddy Nile—in whose long course is everywhere found

"Reptile with spawn abundant,"

and all the plagues of Egypt, especially the palpable darkness.

Meanwhile your correspondent would ask leave to speak a column about Oxford: what he has to say may be worth hearing for its facts, and not unacceptable as indicating somewhat of the spirit of the place to which "the counsellor and friend" of six thousand subscribers to the *Independent* is resorting, and which it is hoped he will leave safe and sound, even if a sadder man. AGRICOLA.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, have published two volumes of "Orations and Speeches, by Charles Sumner." These have been collected and revised, and some new papers added. Mr. Sumner's lectures and orations have been of the highest order. His oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, drew this toast from John Quincy Adams, at the dinner immediately following:

"The memory of the Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, and the Philanthropist; and—not the memory but the long life of the kindred spirit who has this day embalmed them all."

"The Manhattaner in New Orleans" is the title of a small volume of fugitive sketches, by A. Okey Hall, Esq., of this city, published by J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall. The letters were originally contributed to the *Literary Gazette*, and are extremely graphic and vivacious, with a dash of satire and a rich vein of good natured merriment.

E. H. Fletcher, Nassau-street, has in press, and will publish in a few days, a Memoir of Rev. Alexander Carson, D. D., of Tubbermore, in the north of Ireland, the celebrated Baptist divine and author. It will be a work of special interest, not only to Baptists but to all Christians.

"The Pastor's Daughter," by Louisa Payson Hopkins, a record of conversations and incidents, compiled from the life of the late Dr. Payson, is published by R. Carter and Brothers.

A new and improved edition of "Sketches of Reforms and Reformers," by Henry B. Stanton; press of Baker and Scribner.

The American Sunday-school Union have reduced the price of their excellent "Bible Dictionary," to forty-five cents. It is nearly a complete summary of all the most valuable learning on the subjects embraced in it.

S. P. Andrews, who is entitled to the honor of introducing into this country the practice of phonographic writing on the system so philosophically constructed by Pitman, is now editing a semi-monthly paper, chiefly devoted to this cause, called the *Propagandist*, John F. Trow, publisher, 49 Ann-street, at $1 a-year. The value of phonography, as an art of writing shorthand, is very great. Says the *Lawrence Journal*—

"Twenty-six members of the United States Senate state that since the present system of phonography has been introduced by the reporters, at Washington, the speeches and reports have been more accurate than under the old system. They say, 'The accuracy attained by this means, under favorable circumstances for hearing the speaker, is truly surprising.'"

The *Northern Advocate* says, that the Methodist Episcopal Church now issues about 175,000 copies of periodicals in a year; half of this number is made up of large weekly journals, and the other half of semi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly papers. "We may sell less books than formerly, but the amount of reading sent out by the church never was so great as at the present time."

The *Literary World* is a weekly journal of American and foreign literature, science, and art, published every Saturday, in New York, by E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, at $3 per annum. It resembles the London *Athenæum* in its size and typography, and is edited with industry and ability. It enters upon a new volume with the new year.

No. 6 of Francis & Loutrel's Daily Memorandum Book for 1851, containing an almanac, time and interest tables, and a memorandum for every day and month in the year, is a neat little pocket remembrance which few men, whether of business or leisure, can well do without.

"The Mentor" is an excellent monthly magazine, edited by Rev. H. Hastings Weld, and published by Stavely and M'Calla, Philadelphia. The December number has several very good pictures engraved on wood, and one of Sartain's mezzotints, a little girl and a noble dog, "My First Friend."

CONGRESS.

Very little business has been done. Rev. C. M. Butler is chosen chaplain of the Senate. Mr. Benton has begun to introduce his string of bills. The committees in the House are reappointed, with very little variation. Mr. Hale's resolution of inquiry concerning the barbarous punishment at Portsmouth has been adopted. Both Houses adjourned over from Thursday to Monday—to rest.

MONDAY, Dec. 9, 1850.

IN SENATE.—The Chair laid several documents before the Senate from the Executive. Rest of the message was referred. Mr. Butler put in a claim on behalf of South Carolina for the reimbursement of expenses incurred in the Florida war. The memorial of Miss Dix was made the special order for Monday. Two private bills were passed. Nothing done about cheap postage.

IN THE HOUSE.—In committee of the whole, the President's message was taken up for reference to appropriate reference to several committees.

Mr. Giddings offered an amendment, that so much as relates to our domestic policy be referred to the judiciary committee. There were some things in the message which he heartily approved, and others which he condemned. There was no deception in it. The views on the subject of the Veto are as strong as those avowed by Jackson, Tyler, and Polk. The latter part of the message says in effect that the fugitive slave law shall remain in force, and that if a bill be passed for its repeal, the President will veto. The declaration in regard to the enforcement of the laws he regarded as a menace unworthy of his station. The President has not power to enforce the law, when it commands the freemen of the north to leave their workshops and dwellings to chase fugitives, put irons on their limbs, and return them to their tormentors. The army and navy cannot compel the carrying out of the law. The general government has no power to uphold slavery. It is an institution of the States. The people of his district would die before they would assist in executing the fugitive slave law. We now know where parties stand. Out of the fifteen thousand fugitives in the north, not more than four or five have been captured. Nine out of ten of Whig newspapers have denounced this law, and public indignation will sweep it out of existence.

On the motion of Mr. Brown, Ind., the Committee rose, and a resolution was passed, limiting speeches on this motion to one minute each!

Mr. Wentworth gave notice, that as soon as this subject shall have been disposed of, he would call up the river and harbor bill, and then the cheap postage bill, which the people expect will be passed this week; and then proceed to other necessary business.

Mr. McClernand, Ill., pronounced Mr. Giddings's sentiments treasonable. It was a fraud on the constitution, and on common honesty, to profess adherence to the constitution, and at the same time to object to the law; for an objection to the law is an objection to the constitution, the law being in execution of the constitution. If it had not been for those with whom the gentleman acts, there would have been no occasion for this law.

Mr. Giddings's motion was rejected, and the resolution of reference carried.

Mr. Schenck ineffectually endeavoured to offer a resolution directing the Committee to report a bill appropriating money to fit out the ship Pennsylvania, to convey American products to the World's Fair.

FOREIGN.

The Collins' steamer Arctic arrived on Wednesday evening with Liverpool news to Nov. 20th; and the Cunard steamer Asia arrived on Saturday morning, with news to Nov. 23d. The King of Prussia seems to have finally acceded to the demands of Austria, and the troops of the Confederation are to be allowed to "pacify" Hesse and the Duchies—if they can—and if *the people* of Prussia will let them. "The Constitutionalist press, including such papers as the *Kolnische Zeitung* and the *Constitutionelle Zeitung* of Berlin, comment on the upshot of the matter with a rage whose bitterness we have never seen surpassed." It was said also that Hanover would not allow Austrian troops to march over her territories to "pacify" the Duchies, but the latest advice is that she has assented. The king of Prussia opened the Parliament on the 21st by a speech of such ambiguity as at once puzzled and excited everybody. He expresses the hope that the negotiations will have a prosperous result, but the war or resistance party think its tone is more on their side.

The London papers report, at length, an address on law reform, made by D. D. Field, of this city, in London, at the request of the Society for the Amendment of the Law. It was warmly commended in the *Times*.

The address of Cardinal Wiseman, in explanation of his late appointment by the Pope as Archbishop of Westminster, has at length been published. It is able, direct, bold, a bitter pill for the Anglican prelatists.

From Italy nothing special. The Pope has treated M. Montalembert with special distinction and made a Roman Citizen of him, an honor justly earned. The portfolio of Education in the Piedmontese Cabinet has been given to Sig. Gioia, a good appointment as the liberals say.

The government of Naples is now engaged in carrying on a system of persecution against the Protestant school teachers, English, French and German, searching their houses, shutting up their schools or subjecting them to a vexatious surveillance. The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes from Naples, Nov. 4th.

"Mr. Hamilton, the English schoolmaster whose case I mentioned in my last letter, has triumphed for the time. I am informed when the king was appealed to, his Majesty replied—"Let the Englishman alone, but see that no Neapolitans attend the school." The English Protestant schoolmistress, Mrs. Bennett, is not yet clear of the annoyance."

A letter from Rome, same date, relates the following anecdote of an occurrence in Trastevere, the part of the city across the Tiber.

"The son of Gennaraccio, of Ripa Grande, the papalino partizan, who rendered himself so famous in the spriag of the present year by filling the Corso with his masquerading satellites during the carnival, had lately made himself very obnoxious to the Trasteverini by his overbearing manners, and had brought upon himself the especial hatred of a young man whose brother he had struck in an osteria. Hearing that this young man had threatened to kill him, the son of Gennaraccio went to his residence, with a *posse* of followers, and ironically invited him to go and drink, saying, "I want to see whether you aim straight." The other who had his dagger already prepared in his sleeve, replied coolly, "This is the way I strike," and suiting the action to the word, laid his adversary dead at his feet—an occurrence which so took the other men by surprise, that they fled and left the murderer time to escape."

FROM JAMAICA.—The Empire City touched at Kingston, and brings melancholy accounts of the ravages of the cholera in the island. In the parish of Vere, of 650 persons attacked, 614 died. In St. David's, in a certain section, not only the whole population, but the police force were swept away. St. Anns, called the healthiest place in the island, is almost depopulated. A letter to the *Evening Post*, dated at Kingston, Nov. 30th, says that in that city, of 90,000 inhabitants, one-tenth have fallen; and in the small town of Port Royal, one-fourth. The deaths have diminished from 250 a day to 27. It is spreading over the island. The development of moral debasement and brutality is more shocking than the terrors of the pestilence itself. It is seen in the eagerness of the living to clutch the property of the dead and the dying, by false assignments. The base law of *Parties sequitur ventorem* is producing its fruits. The *Jamaica Standard* says—"Where virtue does not exist, the consequences are simply in the order of nature. The pestilence which has weighed so heavily on us has exhibited this in too clear a light to be misunderstood. Mothers have died by hundreds, leaving helpless children possessing no legal claim or paternal consideration. As the law stands in Jamaica, the father of an illegitimate progeny has no legal obligation to support it."

GENERAL NEWS.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The U. S. mail steamer Georgia arrived here on Saturday, with 330 passengers; the Empire City also arrived with 280—from Chagres, Nov. 26th. Both together brought upwards of two millions in gold. The news from San Francisco is to Nov. 1, brought by the Northerner and the Panama. The admission of California into the Union was celebrated on the 29th October, with great *eclat* and enthusiasm at San Francisco. A grand salute was fired in the morning; and at 11 o'clock a grand procession, in which all classes and professions took part, was formed and marched to the square, where Rev. R. T. Huddart offered prayer, and an address was delivered by Hon. Nathaniel Bennett.

A New England Society has been formed at San Francisco. It has petitioned the Governor of the State to appoint a day of thanksgiving.

The cholera broke out on board the schooner G. H. Montague, on her passage from Sacramento City to San Francisco. At Sacramento, there had been a good many deaths. At San Francisco it had excited but little alarm, and had subsided.

The steamer Sagamore burst her boiler, while lying at her wharf at San Francisco, on the 29th of October, with a large number of passengers on board for Stockton, supposed from 75 to 100. From 12 to 20 were killed. Cause, carelessness of the engineer.

The sufferings of the later emigrants by the Carson route have been appalling, from hunger and sickness. From the head of the Humboldt river, where the troubles commenced, hundreds died from starvation.

Hon. John C. Spencer moved the nomination of Rev. D. Williams, and hoped that from his character and standing, he would be accepted as a conciliatory candidate.

This nomination was seconded by Rev. Dr. Parks, of Trinity church.

The sixth ballot took place, and after rejecting a motion to adjourn *sine die*, the seventh with a like result:

	Clerical.	*Lay.*
Rev. Dr. Creighton, -	86	81
Rev. Dr. Williams, -	76	92
Rev. Dr. Seabury, -	1	0
Rev. Dr. Vinton, -	1	1
Blank, - - -	1	0
Rev. Dr. Wainwright,	0	1
Whole number of votes, -	165	175
Necessary to a choice, -	83	88

So there was again no choice, the two orders not concurring. The Convention then adjourned *sine die*, 222 to 54, under a general conviction that further effort was useless.

Married,

At Groton, N. Y., Sept. 12, by Rev. C. Kidder, Mr. WARREN HACKETT and Miss ALZINA BOTTWILL, both of Groton.

By the same, at Groton, Nov. 12, STEPHEN FOOTE, Esq. of Barker, Broome co., and Miss MARY POWERS, daughter of the late Peter Powers, of Ancenia, Dutchess county.

By the same, at Groton, Nov. 14, Mr. LEANDER LADD and Miss MARY FRANCES, daughter of Mr. John R. Brown, all of Groton.

Died,

On Tuesday, Dec. 3, GEORGE L. PHILLIPS, aged 48 years. Mr. P. was well known as the faithful porter of the Merchants' Exchange Company in this city for nearly twenty years past, and a most exemplary citizen and Christian.

On the 6th inst., at West Farms, Westchester Co., FRANCIS BERESFORD, youngest child of Washington H. and Mary Rodman, aged 6 years.

In New Haven, Ct., Dec. 8, ADELINE E. ORCUTT, only child of Rev. J. and Frances L. Orcutt, aged 12 years.

At Genesee, Nov. 30, Mrs. LUCY E., relict of Dr. E. Johnson, and daughter of the late Rev. John Lord, of Madison co., aged about 35 years.

In Wrentham, Mass., on Saturday last, LEONARD HUMPHREY, A. M., tutor in Amherst College. He died of congestion of the brain, after an illness of ten hours.

At Dwight, among the Cherokees, Sept. 23, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Rev. Worcester Willey, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

In Philadelphia, Dec 3, Rev. GEO. BOYD, D.D., rector of St. John's Episcopal church, N. L., in the 63d year of his age.

At Athens, Greene co., Dec. 1, PROSPER HOSMER, long a merchant of Hudson, aged 93 years and 5 months. Mr. H. was a soldier during the Revolutionary war, in which he endured great hardships, and was present at the execution of Major Andre. His widow, who is about 90 years, still survives, after passing upward of 70 years of their lives together.

At Union Center, Broome co., N. Y., Oct. 28, MEDAD BRADLEY, aged 80 years, a member of the Congregational church in that place, and a native of Hamden, Ct. In his twenty-second year, 1791, he removed to Union Center, was the first settler within seven miles, and lived to see a flourishing settlement, with flourishing institutions of grace. His religion was characterized by humility, the fear of the Lord, faith in Jesus, love to the word, and ordinances, and people of God, justice and mercy. It was his peculiar rejoicing to witness shortly before his death the revival of religion, and the gathering of converts to Christ. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." *Evangelist* please copy.

In San Francisco, Sept. 30, HENRY CHAPIN, Esq., of Canandaigua, aged 54. He had taken the precaution previous to his departure to effect an insurance on his life, for the benefit of his family and others interested, to the amount of $3,700. A California paper says: "Mr. C. had long been a high-minded, honorable merchant in Canandaigua; but being unfortunate in business, came here, like many others, to gain a competency, even in his old age; but the long detention at Panama to which he was subjected, waiting for the steamer Republic, induced him to sell his ticket and take passage in a sailing craft. The long passage and confinement proved too much, and he comes here to find the stranger's grave.

In Groton, N. Y., Sept. 6, Dea. JOSIAH WILLOUGHBY, in the 80th year of his age. In 1801 he migrated to Groton from Lee, Mass., where, under the faithful ministry of Dr. Hyde, he had consecrated himself to the Savior in youth. He was among the earliest settlers in that vast forest, the first voice lifted in social prayer in all that region was his. He cherished the church with great affection all his days. For nearly fifty years he was never absent but once from the lecture preparatory to the communion. His bodily vigor remained in a remarkable degree. Within a few months he had plowed alone upward of thirty acres of land. He did not die of old age, but from the effects of a fall, which injured the spine, and paralyzed his whole body below the chest. He had a presentiment for some time that he should soon leave the world, as the following lines written by him would show:

"Farewell the world, and all below
The sun—I must not stay—
'Tis Jesus calls, and I would go
To dwell in endless day.

"Farewell, the church I loved below!
Let Jesus be your guide,
Until you all to glory go
To meet the Heavenly Bride.

"Now come, dear Jesus, kindly come—
Accept my humble prayer—
Oh! take me to that heavenly home
Where happy spirits are."

In Groton, Tompkins co., Nov. 7, REUBEN SAXTON, Esq., formerly of Salisbury, Vt., in the 82d year of his age. His funeral was attended at the Congregational church on the Sabbath following, at which a very large concourse were present, and testified their respect for his worth. The sermon by the pastor of the church was founded on that inimitable description of enfeebled, dying old age—in the language of inspired metaphors of unparalleled beauty—the first seven verses of Eccl. 12. The subject drawn from the passage was: "A voice in the ear of youth from the death-scene of old age." It was suggested by a remark of the deceased a few days previous to his death made in reference to the recent death of another aged member of the church from paralysis, occasioned by an injury of the spine. "I expected," said Mr. S., "that his funeral text would be, 'Or ever the silver cord be loosed.'" Mr. S. a short time after departed with a disease of the heart—"the pitcher broken at the fountain." He was a native of Somers, Ct., but settled in the town of Salisbury soon after his marriage, where he enjoyed up to advanced age a quiet home, and won the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. In 1803 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was reelected every subsequent year, with three exceptions only, till 1817. For 29 years he was annually chosen town clerk—which in that State includes also the office of register of deeds; and for 31 years he held and acted under a commission, sustaining with respect and honor its responsibilities, of a justice of the peace. He felt it his chief desire and highest honor to enrol his name among the followers of Christ. His public profession, owing to peculiar circumstances, was of but few years' standing; but his Christian hope was the growth of many years, dating its origin long before he came to this county. He removed with one of his sons to Groton 1833. His first visit, however, to this State was, as assistant surveyor under Hugh Maxwell, Esq., 61 years ago, to survey a large tract in the vicinity of where Rochester now is. For months he saw in that unbroken wilderness, then the abode of the wolf, the deer, and the wild Indian, the face of no white man save those in his own company.

[☞ DONATION VISIT.—The Managers of the "Home for the Friendless" respectfully invite the friends of benevolence to attend a Donation Visit at the House in East 20th street, near Third avenue, on Thursday afternoon and evening, Dec. 12. Addresses may be expected at 3½ P.M., also singing by the children.

N. B.—Donations of every kind thankfully received during the day and evening.

[☞ SCUDDER FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The sixth Anniversary of this Society will be celebrated in the Carmine-st. church on sunday evening next, 15th inst., when the

Editors' Table.

MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA. A Tale. Edited by a New England Minister, A.B. Being a Sequel to Margaret Percival—A Tale. Edited by Rev. William Sewell, B.A. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. New York: Mark H. Newman & Co.

There is an exquisite drollery about this book, indicated in its very title-page, which excites a curiosity to know its author. The gentle and accomplished Margaret, bred a 'church-woman' of the straitest sect, under the jealous eye of her uncle, a clergyman of the Church of England, is transported to New England, where she engages in the homely task of school-teaching, and mingles somewhat freely with 'dissenters.' Her good heart and good sense gradually get the better of the bigotry of her religious education, and she melts down into the most liberal and unpretending of Episcopalians. The process by which this is accomplished, is that of kindly intercourse with cultivated religious society outside of the pale of "*The* Church." Many a struggle does she encounter with her prejudices and her fears before she ventures to follow the dictates of her own judgment, matured by this experience. Not daring to trust herself in so grave a matter, she seeks ghostly counsel of the rector of the village church, to know whether she shall renounce her new and most agreeable friends in order to save her soul from the sin of "schism." The conversation in which the rector attempts to bring her upon moderate, low-church ground, while she, with better logic, argues that if she abates one iota of her "church principles," she must abandon them entirely, is a very entertaining and instructive part of the narrative. A keen-witted writer is he who penned it. The process of liberalization in Margaret's mind began on shipboard, from association with a family of Quakers as fellow-passengers; and it was perfected in the genial home of Mr. Wilkie, albeit under a piety quite of the "liberal" school. Not in religion only, but in views of society and of practical life, did Margaret experience a happy change from her New England discipline. This sequel should be read by all who have read the original story.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW. The Religious Duty of Obedience to Law: a sermon preached in the Second Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, November 24, 1850. By Ichabod S. Spencer, D. D., New York: M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel, 1850.

The above Discourse gives a very fair illustration of the folly of printing a hasty polemical effusion from the pulpit. Its author is a respectable minister of the Old-School Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn; inclined, and accustomed, to a more violent and dogmatic style of preaching than is either usual or desirable among the ministers of Christ, and in his ecclesiastical connections affiliated with slaveholders—but still in his sphere an industrious and diligent man, desirous doubtless to do good, and to preach the gospel. We have lately had occasion to speak with commendation of a work prepared by him. In the present Discourse, sectarian and party biases have so far warped his judgment that he undertakes to defend the Fugitive Slave Law, and to scold this journal and its editors like a Billingsgate fishwoman, for denying the religious obligation to obey it. We beg leave to say, that we have read the sermon, and are neither convinced nor disturbed by it. It has too many marks of haste and passion, to carry weight with it; and in point of ability must be below the average, we should hope, of the author's discourses. It is certainly inconclusive in argument, awkward in analysis, and needlessly clumsy and commonplace in expression. The ornaments of scholarship, or the just and powerful developments of logic, find no more place in it than do the noble inspirations of Humanity and Equity. Even a true and effective vigor of expression is altogether wanting; and the furious eruption of italicising, by which the author would supply its place, is by no means an equivalent. We really think this ought not to have been so. Where the aim of a discourse is so offensive to Christianity as that of this assuredly is, and the tone of it so persistently and vulgarly abusive, considerable effort should certainly be made to give it a decent rhetorical dress. Otherwise, it will be likely to die, as Dr. S. uniquely expresses it, "by its own contemptibility."

As a defence of the Law against which the Northern Conscience revolts so violently, the sermon will do nobody any harm if the *Journal of Commerce* should print an edition of it twice a week. It may make the name of Ichabod S. Spencer, D. D., more fragrant to pot-house politicians at the South. But it will satisfy no single reflective reader, either at the South or the North. It would be perfectly easy, indeed, if it were worth the labor of transcribing, to take the principles of the sermon, and frame an argument from them against the Law, and all its abettors. We respectfully advise its author to try again. Or if he really wishes to maintain this enactment, let him go out with his cane, and help a Southerner to catch a black man, according to the statute. The present Discourse is only a somewhat ambitious, but a very innoxious, kicking into the air.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE YOUNGER. By Charles Dickens. New York: John Wiley, 304 Broadway.

Though we would not pronounce this the best among the multitudinous productions of the fertile pen of Dickens, we may safely say that it is surpassed in interest by none. Few writers have so creditably sustained a popularity so suddenly acquired; but Dickens always presents human nature in those phases and contrasts which enlist at once our mirthfulness and our sympathy. His pictures are caricatures, indeed, but there is nothing malicious in the caricature; it is under the control of good nature, and ordinarily carries with it a good moral; for, though Dickens seldom moralizes after the set manner of some novelists, there is a moral to almost every scene and character to which he introduces us. The hero of this story is a fatherless lad, whose doting, easy-natured mother, by a second marriage, subjects both herself and her darling boy to the iron rule of a step-father and his maiden sister, whose passion, for beads, buttons and clasps of *steel* is an index of her nature. By and by the mother also dies, and the boy who has already had the hard discipline of a boarding-school is put, at ten years old, to the harder drudgery of menial offices in a great city warehouse. From this he makes his escape, and puts himself under the protection of his paternal aunt, by whom he is adopted, well-educated, and finally 'articled' at Doctors' Commons, where he becomes a flourishing sprig of ecclesiastical law. In due time he marries, at first unfortunately, then a second time, more to his liking, and finally enters in his prime upon the real enjoyment of life. As is usual in Dickens' stories, the hero is in the main an example of self-guardianship and self-promotion, under circumstances the most unfavorable. But there is less that is unnatural in this picture than in those which have preceded it. In other works, his perfect character, so serious, consistent and virtuous, an idealized representation of all that is admirable in human nature, is continually surrounded by the most grotesque characters conceivable—by mere distortions and caricatures of humanity, extravagant in their virtues, or hideous in their deformity—and yet passes through life without being affected at all unfavorably by their influence. But David Copperfield, though an innocent and unsuspecting youth, and throughout a winning character, does not always escape the devices and seductions of the evil about him, and is greatly dependent upon the pure and good with whom he is from time to time associated.

This book is not a book of mere fun. There is much in it of tenderest sentiment, and the tear will often start unbidden as one reads the heart-pictured page. The faithful old nurse and the gentle, devoted Agnes, are sketched from the deepest knowledge of what is pure and lovely in the affections of this selfish world. There is hardly what can be called a plot to the story. We doubt whether Dickens ever thinks of the end of a story when he begins to write. It is not the story but the characters and individual scenes that impress the memory; and how like is this to real life, which is ever passing, ever shifting, but never finished. With one of the characters in this book, we are quite familiar—Mr. Micawber, the shabby gentleman who always lives by shifts, and waits for luck, and is always disappointed in his grand projects and expectations. We have met Mr. Micawber before; have helped him out of difficulties:—indeed he owes us borrowed money now, which we never expect to see until "something turns up" for him in the way of respectable employment. He is a most honorable, high-minded, and genteel person, but decidedly unfortunate.

Many a lesson on the proper training of the young in the family, in the school and in society, and on the reform of old, corrupt and cankering institutions, may be culled by the thoughtful from these volumes.

Were we sure that our commendation of the book would reach only a select circle of judicious readers, we would give it without qualification. But for general readers there is one drawback. Religion, as we esteem it, Dickens has none. A deal of humanity he has, and never, we believe, does he employ his pen for any directly vicious or immoral purpose; yet his sketches of low life and of boon life, his free allowance of the theater and the wine-bottle among innocent entertainments, may mislead the taste and possibly corrupt the morals of such as are not mature in right principle. This caution should be observed with respect to the freest circulation of his works.

The edition before us is a very handsome one, in two volumes, with forty illustrations. Mr. Wiley has other editions at cheaper rates, either of which is far preferable to the pamphlet editions which have fallen under our notice.

THE PSALMS; translated and explained by J. A. Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Volume 3. New York: Baker & Scribner, 145 Nassau-street. 1850.

In this volume is completed the admirable commentary of Dr. J. A. Alexander on the Psalms. Of the many and great merits of it as a critical work, we have freely spoken already. It is concise, exact, sufficient, learned, and of luminous clearness in its expression of the knowledge and the thought of the author. It will be widely welcomed by the students of the Scriptures, as compressing into small compass the results of wide and thorough investigation. It is pervaded too, by a spirit of religious solemnity and devotion, which, though always subjected to the clear and ample development of thought, and united with an even severely scientific method, is never out of harmony with the design and subject of the work.

THE WAY OF LIFE. By Charles Hodge, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. American Sunday-school Union. Philadelphia: 146 Chestnut-street.

This compact and excellent exhibition of the Way of Life for sinful, darkened, and condemned man, has made *itself* known, wherever the publications of the Sunday-school Union have found their way; and it is valued so highly by all who are familiar with it, that we need do nothing other or more for it than announce the receipt of this attractive copy. It is a small (18mo.) volume, of 350 pages, handsomely printed and bound. We know not how any one desirous to do good to a friend could put into his hand a more clear, interesting and thorough statement, of the Truth which concerns him most nearly, for this life and the next.

PITTSFIELD CEMETERY. An Address, by Rev. Henry Neill; and a Poem, by Oliver Wendell Holmes: delivered at the the Dedication of the Pittsfield Rural Cemetery, September 9, 1850. With other matter, and a Map of the Grounds. By the Committee of Publication. Pittsfield: 1850.

The friend who drove us through the grounds of this Cemetery, just before they were dedicated to their solemn use, left an impression of pleasant and calm rural beauty imprinted thereby upon the quick canvass of memory, which will long remain with us. The grounds are situated at perhaps the distance of a mile from the central village of Pittsfield, at a retired but easily accessible point, are ample in extent, diversified and picturesque in surface, and admirably adapted to the uses they are to serve. The taste and refinement of the citizens have been most happily expressed in the selection of the grounds, as well as in their division and arrangement of them; and it cannot be many years—yet to how many hearts will these years be counted in the heavy pulsations of dread and of sorrow!—before the ornaments of a graceful and religious Art, delighting to serve as the handmaid of affection, shall blend their attractions with those of the calm or fleetly-gliding waters, of the sloping and sunny hill-side, and of the massy shade of the solemn grove. It is a beautiful feature in the recent social life of our cities and prosperous villages, that they take such care for the resting places of the dead; the Places-of-Sleep, as the ancients styled them. And it can hardly be otherwise than that a sweet and silent effluence, of new refinement and spirituality of feeling, shall gradually pass from such scenes of cherished and solemn beauty, familiarly contemplated, into the manners and thoughts of the community that provides them.

The exercises at the Dedication of these grounds, as preserved in this handsome pamphlet, were all appropriate to the occasion and the scene. The principal address was by Rev. Mr. Neill, of Lenox; and a model in its way. We give below two extracts from it:

"Well might the early Christians worship close to the martyrs' graves. Roman fathers had an object in taking their sons, before the contest, to the tombs on the Appian Way. No wonder the Indian returns from beyond the mountains to visit the cemetery of the ancient tribe; for him there is mysterious power within those sacred mounds; for days he sits in silence by them; and as meditation purifies and nerves his spirit, and One who knew all his wrongs, looks down upon him from on high, he goes to the wilderness again, a stronger and a better man. Reflection on the brave and good has taken away his fear; thoughts from an unknown source have pointed to his destiny, and the hunting-grounds he looks for now, are far before him, above the clouds, away in the upper skies. If there was no other world than this, it would be a source of great consolation and of constant and constantly increasing strength, to find a home and prepare memorials for the dead. Grief would find relief in an expression; and sorrow, a world of sympathy. I have seen a mausoleum erected by stricken parents over a beloved child. Neither soul nor treasure have been spared in its construction. Skill, and fountains of tears, and the toil of artists quickened by the breath and glow of Italian skies, have been exhausted in its architecture; angels watch by its portals; a beautiful form reclines beneath its dome; and the initials of that name which still thrills with an extacy of woe the hearts that never speak it now except in prayer, is woven into every chaplet and carved on every leaf, and minute emblem, that decorates this elaborate and splendidly expressive monument of what a pierced heart will attempt in attestation and utterance of its grief; and yet, that structure is not finished. Each year adds some sweeter flower within its borders, some costlier symbol upon its gates; and it never will be finished. The affection that is ever enduring is always conceiving; and new urns will be added and old ones removed, until the last contains the ashes of both the parents and the child."

"But if in addition to all this, it should prove to be true, that the very dust that has slept for years beneath our feet, shall yet form the bodies of the shining ones; if *this* corruptible shall indeed put on incorruption; if that identical thing which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power; then, what associations, what anticipations, what a history, what a destiny, may spring from one narrow grave. Then, in every particle of the moldering clay, there may dwell a germinant life yet to be unfolded to the eyes of adoring men and wondering angels; then it will be worth while for the trump to sound, that it *may* 'wake the dead;' then that which was sown a natural body, will, in the words of the exulting apostle, be raised a spiritual body: what a triumphant ultimation for that which has groaned so often here on earth, waiting for its redemption: with what a halo of splendor such an expectation invests a mortal frame.

"If, however, the startling and popular view of what is to become of our dust is not to be received; yet, so long as it is admitted, that out of these decaying frames there will issue a spirit, carrying with it in the hour of dissolution, material sufficient for its celestial tabernacle, and receiving every moment decoration and power from God, through its spiritual constitution; if it is but admitted that anything which is the subject of an endless life and a momentous destiny, resided but a *few short years* in this house of clay; it consecrates, and renders precious, it allies to the Infinite and Unknown, that which our eyes have seen, and that which our hands have handled. It is a glorious thing for slumbering dust to have been associated at all in the struggles, the aspirations, the sorrows, the hopes of a mind that cannot die. If it is now a natural body, it is the fore-runner, and still more, the progenitor of the spiritual body. If we do not sow the literal body that shall be, yet we are inclosed, 'first, in that which is natural, afterward in that which is spiritual.' After all; in view of every necessity of the case, the inspired writings, and the body's laws, who can say that amid the refining fires of the last conflagration, as the old earth yields to a new economy, and the dissolving heavens to a brighter sky, who can say that in that hour of fearful fusion and glorious reorganization, this very moldering dust will not garnish the robes of the saints in light!

"Surely, it is written; in the symbols of creation; in the history of empires; in the constitution of the soul; on the tomb of the Redeemer; and on the leaves of the book of life; 'That which is sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory. This mortal shall put on immortality.'"

THE UNION BIBLE DICTIONARY. Philadelphia: American Sunday-school Union.

This valuable auxiliary to Sabbath-school and Bible-class instruction, is now published by the Union at a very cheap rate.

PRACTICAL.

Winter is Coming.

The following, by D. C. Coleworthy, is a noble appeal in behalf of the poor, and is spirited poetry besides:

Winter is coming—cold and drear—
See ye the poor around?
O, when the wrathful storms career,
And snows o'erspread the ground,
Will ye not take them by the hand,
Or to the hovel go,
And around the dying embers stand,
And wipe the tears that flow?

Winter is coming—hear ye not
The mother's earnest cry?
For dark and dreary is her lot—
Nor real friend is nigh.
For wood and bread she asketh now,
Oh! shall she ask in vain?
See sorrow stamped upon her brow,
And mark the orphan train.

Winter is coming—every drawer
Should be unlocked to-day:
Whom do you keep that clothing for?
Why not give it away?
Come pull it out—a cloak, a vest,
Whatever you can give,
Wrapped snugly round the orphan's breast,
Will make the dying live.

The closet watch—a pair of shoes,
Half-worn—and here's a cap,
Which you perhaps may never use—
A hat with scarce a nap—
A pair of pants—a rusty coat—
O, give them to the poor;
What is not worth to you a groat
Will health and warmth secure.

What's in your garret? Have the moths
For months been busy there?
Ay, they have quite destroyed the clothes
You've saved with prudent care.
Come pull them out, perhaps we may
Find something that will make
A poor man rich if given to-day,
And bless the hearts that ache.

Winter is coming—give, oh give
Whatever ye can spare;
A mite will make the wretched live,
And smooth the brow of care.
When plenty smiles around your door,
And comfort dwells within;
If you forget the worthy poor,
'Twill be a grievous sin.

For the Independent.

THE STANDARD.

Some writer has remarked "the greatest calamity that could happen to Englishmen or the world, would be the destruction of the Magna Charta." Without attempting to establish or falsify this assertion, we notice it because suggestive of a greater one. The destruction of the Bible would be a calamity *surpassing* others, since it is designed eventually to become the Great Charter of *all* nations. We dare not venture a denial of its value by word, but, do we never *live* a refutation of our professed belief? To decide what is right or wrong, what to believe and disbelieve, in this age so prolific of ideas and diverse opinions, constitutes an important part of our mental operations. Although the understanding may be enlightened by controversy—the friction of minds—that medium through which truth gently beams or brilliantly flashes, there must further be some acknowledged standard, which shall confirm our opinions, and establish them as desirous.

For all orthographic doubts, we have Webster, full and copious, whose authority no English scholar *now* presumes to question; yet in time the obsolete will need expunging from many a page, to be substituted by that which is now unspoken.

Also in the natural sciences, in law and in medicine, there are standards, subject, it is true, to removals, incident to imperfect knowledge, but for the time, they are the standards. In regard to many scientific authorities, it is most mortifying and vexatious that we may now be believing with all our might, that which posterity will laugh at, as absurd.

How refreshing that we can turn to the Bible, and be certain that within it is concentrated, in brief, plain terms, a standard of principles neither retrograding nor progressive. And it is not only for the controversies of the schools, and dissenting divines, that this perfect standard is revealed. To the individual Christian, whether he be a laborer or a commentator, this has been, is, and shall be, the only unerring rule of faith and practice. By its side, all other authoritative wisdom is only a finite atom against the Infinite whole.

How often, in the inmost circle of our souls, where none but the Eternal ever penetrates, do opinions conflict, and doubts perplex and veil our hopes in gloom; and while groping for the path of duty, we forget that the Light is near us, the Solver beside us, the Touch-stone yet in our hands. We bethink us to search the Scriptures, and lo! it is well with us again: the calmness of assurance shedddeth its halo over the spirit. Standard text-books and living authorities are certainly wonderful *secondary* auxiliaries to our inquiries; but, trusting mainly to reason and the creeds of the church to stipulate a faith equal to all possible emergencies, we shall find in place of one doubt, a host to encircle our daily duties, and finally, if mercy interpose not, shall realize that we have built "on some other foundation."

While carefully avoiding the "mysteries of godliness," as belonging only to God, for every essential question of faith and doctrine, let us steer by the lesser, and in the spiritual illumination of the Great Standard, learn the truth. Let us not pin our spiritual belief on the "*ipse dixit*" of any mortal; nor let our slothful souls rest satisfied, when we have compared ourselves among ourselves. Thus considering, shall we not the more appreciate our Bibles, and rejoice to aid the coming of that day, when all people shall flock to the *standard* of the Lord!

ROCKVILLE, Ct., Dec. 2 1850. M. M. F.

The Higher Law.

The distinguished statesman, Edmund Burke, said in his great speech at the trial of Warren Hastings:—"We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, preëxistent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe out of which we cannot stir.

"This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have; it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power is of God; and He, who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practiced upon any less solid foundation than the power itself."

The old Puritan legislators reverenced the "higher law." This is shown in a striking manner in the following extract from the Mass. State Records:

"At the General Court holden at Boston, May 25, 1636, the Governor, [Henry Vane] Deputy Governor [John Winthrop, Sen., Esq.] Thomas Dudley, John Haynes, Richard Bellingham, Esq. Mr. Colton, Mr. Peters and Mr. Shepard are entreated to make a Draught of Laws agreeable to the Word of God, which may be the fundamentals of this Commonwealth, and to present the same to the next General Court; and it is ordered that in the Mean Time the Magistrates and their Associates shall proceed in the Courts to hear and Determine all Causes according to the Laws now established, and where there is no Law, then as near the Laws of God as they can—And for all Business out of Court for which there is no Certain Rule yet sett down, those of the Standing Council or some two of them shall take order by their Best Discretion that they may be Ordered and Ended according to the Rule of God's Word, and to take care of all Military affairs till the next General Court."

SACRAMENTAL PROTESTS AGAINST POPERY.—On Tuesday evening, at Kingsland chapel, the associated churches, Baptist and Pedobaptist, of the neighborhood, celebrated their annual and united Sacrament. They formed, of course, a very large body; and thus both a solemn and lovely sight. Their pastors, having entire confidence in each other, had no preconcerted lines of thought, nor any mutual understanding whatever as to what they would say or sing. The whole assembly met, with their usual simplicity of purpose, and unity of spirit, and calm order. The opening hymn, "Happy the Church," began in subdued and soft tones; but when it came to the verse—

"Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of *Rome* or Hell!"

the music rose to a climax which made the sound an echo to the sense.—*Eng. Paper.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bloodhound's Song.

BY C. P. SHIRAS, ESQ.

Spring up! spring up, my brave bloodhounds!
Spring up from the drowsy lair!
Let every jaw be firmly set,
Let every eye-ball glare!
The lash is cut and the collar broke,
The muzzle no longer binds;
And the scent of the blood we love so well
Comes down on the Northern winds!

O brothers awake! for the time has come
To brighten the bloodhound's fame;
They've opened a nobler field for us
To follow our human game.
We'll hunt no more in the Dismal Swamp,
Where the snake and the wild beast hide;
But we'll course on the highways of the North
Where the fields are fair and wide.

And never, again, will the prey escape,
When we faint and the scent grows cold;
For every man in the conquered North
To aid in the hunt is sold.
The old, the young, the weak, the great,
Are bound alike by the law,
To follow the trail till the negro's throat
Is locked in the bloodhound's jaw.

In the thoroughfares of their proudest marts
We'll hunt by night and day;
Sometimes be seen in old State-street,
Sometimes along Broadway;
And oft in City of Brotherly Love
The worn-out slave shall fall,
For many a chase we'll have around
Old Independence Hall.

In the dingy streets of the City of Smoke
They'll hear the bloodhound's bay;
From factory, foundry, mill and shop,
We'll drag our bleeding prey.
And the stalwart smith shall his hammer drop
As the slave to him shall cling;
For he will not dare to lift his arm
When the bloodhound is his king!

In the North they've many a battle ground,
Where men of liberty fell;
But soon the bloodhound's vengeful voice
A different tale shall tell.
We'll hunt on the sacred fields where once
Tyrants were forced to fly;
And the blood of slaves shall wet the graves
Where heroes' ashes lie.

And boldly shall we claim the right
To hunt where'er we will,
In Concord's streets, in Lexington,
Yea, upon Bunker's Hill!
They'll hear the shriek of the flying slave
And the crack of the driver's scourge,
Where the soldier's bare feet pressed the snow
On the road to Valley Forge.

The freeman's house was his castle called
In stubborn days of yore;
But a knock that comes from a bloodhound's name
Shall open the strongest door;
And wives and daughters shall shrink in fear,
And children forget their mirth,
Should the lord of the castle shelter a slave,
By the side of the sacred hearth.

There is no spot that we will not search;
There is nothing shall daunt or awe;
The right and the wrong are alike with us,
For we fear no higher law.
We'll follow the scent though it leads us across
The grave-yard's rugged sod,
Nor stop to leap o'er the altar's rail
In the house of the living God!

Then up! spring up! my brave bloodhounds!
Spring up from your drowsy lair!
Let every jaw be firmly set,
Let every eye-ball glare!
For the men of the North who once were free
In the gyves of shame are bound;
From the Golden Land to the State of Maine
Their lord is the fierce bloodhound!

Pittsburgh Post.

Wonderful Preservation.

In the church-yard at Keyshoe, in Bedfordshire, England, is the following inscription, now almost obliterated. The event to which it relates, together with the circumstances which are known to have been connected with it, appear too remarkable to be consigned to oblivion. No alteration has been admitted in copying the inscription from the stone but in the spelling and grammar:

"In memory of the mighty hand of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who preserved the life of William Dickens, April 17th, 1718, when he was pointing the Steeple, and fell from the ridge of the middle window in the spire, over the South-west pinnacle. He dropped upon the battlement, and there broke his leg and foot, and drove down the long coping stones, and so fell to the ground, with his neck upon one standard of his chair, when the other end took the ground. After the repetition of some expressions he was heard by his brother to make, when near the ground, as 'Christ have mercy upon me!' Lord Jesus Christ help me!' it is added: Died November 29th, 1759, aged 73 years."

The hight from which this person fell was no less than 132 feet, and his leg and foot were extremely fractured by striking against the battlement. But his damage in other respects was so trifling, that he not only lived more than forty years afterwards, but within seven months from the time of his fall he was capable of ascending the steeple the second time, and he then finished pointing the spire. The chair in which he sat was suspended by a stong rope, consisting of four strands or twisted cords. Yet it parted, evidently through the rocking of the spire, caused by the striking of the church clock at eight in the morning. Upon examining the rope, it appeared that the strands of the rope, out of the four which composed it, had been previously cut through with a knife.

William Dickens had been in company the evening before this event with a person of the same business; and a strong suspicion was entertained that this man had cut the rope in revenge for being disappointed of the job. Whether this suspicion was well or ill-founded must be referred to the unerring Judge of the hearts and lives of all; but *one* fact is as certain as it was awful. The same man, having shortly after finished building a stack of chimneys, climbed to the top of them, to give a boasting cheer to the people assembled there, when the work, not being dry, gave way, and falling with him, killed him on the spot.

The grandson of the man who was so wonderfully preserved is at this time minister of the dissenting congregation at Keyshoe; and every particular of the account here given has been confirmed by the strongest authority.

May it excite in us a live, sense of continual dependence upon the Lord for our preservation in all the hazards to which our lives are necessarily exposed. Let us call to mind the various deliverances we have severally experienced in imminent dangers; and with grateful acknowledgments of past interpositions, cast all our care on him who careth for us; making it our grand concern to live not for ourselves, but to the Lord Jesus Christ who preserves us from falling into everlasting perdition!—*Boston Ch. Times.*

The Wisconsin *Free Democrat* relates the following of Miss Bremer. The Swedish authoress, it appears, has as admirable an idea of *housekeeping* as of house-keeping:

"On entering a private dwelling, she was asked to sit near the fire, where some ther ladies were seated, but replied, 'No, no; you American ladies are very handsome, but you are too white. You sit down by a fire of your own making, and neglect the great fire that God has placed in the heavens, which would give you health and a better color.'"

Boys who have had their own way.

On Saturday last the Sheriff of Washington County, J. W. Howes, Esq., brought to our State Prison a father and three sons by the name of Shillinglaw, another son being already in the prison. The three sons were convicted of stealing, and the father of secreting the property. In 1834, the father was sentenced to the State Prison for five years for counterfeiting, or passing counterfeit money,—served almost four years and was pardoned. In 1844, two of the sons were sent to the Prison for four years for burglary. One served out his time; the other escaped in 1847, and was retaken in September last,—having in the mean time been imprisoned in New York for crime, broke jail and returned to Vermont.

The father is a Scotchman,—came to this country when some 23 years old,—married in Barnet, and has lived in Jay, Wolcott and Worcester. "The oldest sons," he states, "were brought up principally by their maternal grandfather, who suffered them to have too much their own way," and they have led away the younger brothers. These young men have carried on quite an extensive business in their line for some time, and had accumulated around the paternal home a great variety of articles, such as chains, scythes and snaths, and all kinds of farming tools, many of which could be of no use to them. Their circuit was large, extending at least from Danville and vicinity to the other side of the mountain as far as Manchester. The horse and wagon found on the mountain last summer, in Peru or that region, and supposed to belong to a certain pedler who was reported to be missing, belonged to them. Not securing their purposes, they dispatched the horse, left the wagon, and stole a good horse, buggy and buffaloes. They are said to be not particularly malicious, but are boys who have had their own way.—*Vt. Chron.*

PHILOSOPHICAL FACT.—A surgeon in the U. S. Army recently desired to know the most common cause of enlistments. By permission of the captain of the company, containing fifty-five, in pledge never to disclose the name of any officer or private except as a physical or metaphysical fact, the true history was obtained of every man. On investigation it appeared that nine-tenths enlisted on account of some female difficulty; thirteen of them had changed their names, and forty-three were either drunk, or partially so, at the time of their enlistment. Most of them were men of fine talents and learning, and about one-third had once been in elevated stations in life. Four had been lawyers, three doctors, and two ministers.

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